



No. 926

Friday

13 June '97

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PRIVATE EYE

TORY LEADERSHIP: ROUND ONE



Things
can only get
bitter

**INSIDE: BLAIR
WINS ASHES**

"The men stripped me naked and assaulted me. I begged them to kill me. Instead, they cut off my hands with machetes." - SALLAY GOBA

**DON'T
LOOK
THE
OTHER
WAY.**



Every twenty one seconds, somewhere in the world, a refugee is created when someone is driven by fear to leave their home. Every refugee is the consequence of a government's failure to protect human rights. Every one of us bears the responsibility for these failures. Yes, all of us.

Sallay Goba is a grandmother. But when an armed group attacked her village and murdered her grandchildren, husband and son-in-law, her status was reduced to that of a statistic.

She became just one more of the world's millions of displaced people. Sallay fled her home and found shelter in another village. But a year later that village was also attacked. Sallay's hands were severed and tied to her elbows with string. With her hands went any slim chance

Sallay may have had of returning to a normal life.

Sallay would have had a better chance had she fled her home country, Sierra Leone. It would be nice to think that if she had managed to reach Britain, we would have helped her.

Unfortunately, thousands who do manage to flee their home countries, seeking refuge from persecution like that suffered by Sallay, find no welcome in the West.

Instead they may be branded *economic migrants*, or *bogus asylum seekers*. To read the rantings of some

British newspapers, you'd imagine that people like Sallay have brought terrible calamities upon themselves for the sole purpose of defrauding the British taxpayer.

Listen, Sallay did not ask for men to come and kill her husband, son-in-law and grandchildren. Do you imagine that she enjoyed being driven from her home, alone, penniless and terrified? Did she ask for her hands to be hacked off?

The story of Marie, an ordinary woman.

Marie was a chemist. She and her husband lived in Kinshasa where he was active in Zaire's democratic opposition. At 2am on 8 August 1993, soldiers broke down the door to Marie's house. Inside they found Marie, her husband, his mother and brothers. They seized her husband. When they assaulted Marie, her brothers-in-law intervened and were shot dead. Five or six soldiers took turns to rape Marie. She lost consciousness. When she awoke, she found that her husband had been taken away by the soldiers. He has never been seen since.

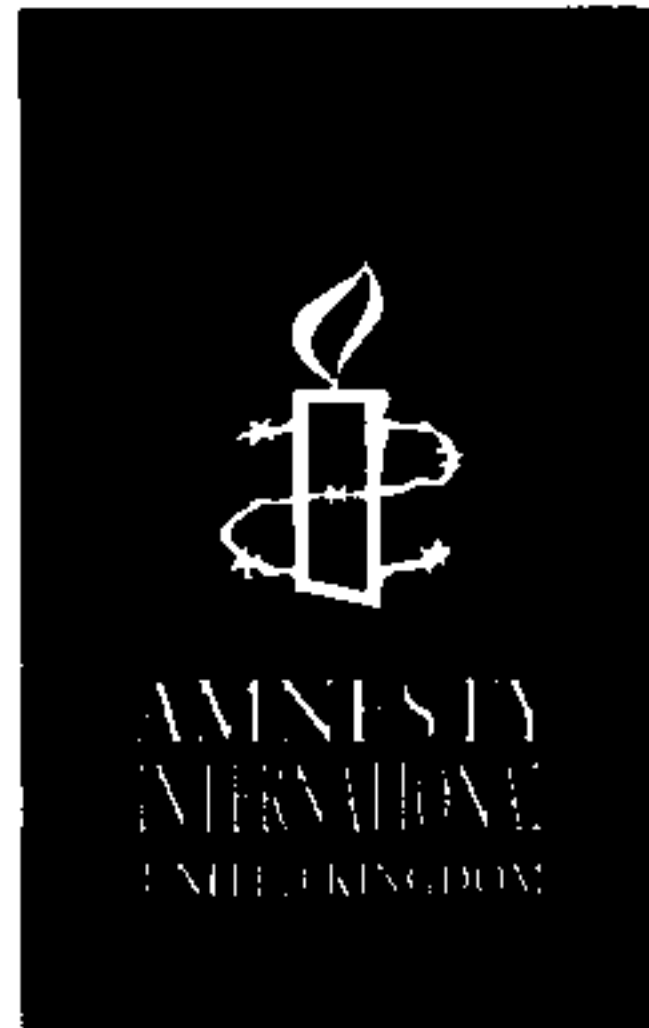
Marie was urged by friends to flee. Her employer arranged for her to travel by car and boat to the north, where she could catch a plane out of Zaire. In great pain, with no idea of where she was going, she boarded an aircraft which brought her to Heathrow. Here, not knowing where she was or what she should do, Marie was found wandering the corridors in a state of extreme traumatisation. Distraught and incoherent, she could not explain where she had come from, how, or why. When, eventually, she was able to apply for political asylum, it was refused. The Home Office ignored the appeals adjudicator's plea for compassion and prepared to deport Marie back to Zaire. To escape what might easily have turned out to be a death sentence, Marie was forced 'underground'. Finally, after a year in hiding, the Home Office relented and gave her leave to remain for a further year.

The war on refugees.

The odds in Britain, as in most other European countries, are massively stacked against asylum seekers.

Such is the media onslaught against people who have lost everything and suffered unimaginable griefs, that even people who usually think of themselves as caring, excuse their lack of compassion by saying, "It's tragic, but is nothing to do with us."

So sorry, but it is.



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and the death penalty.*

People like Marie have a guaranteed right under the 1951 UN Convention on Refugees to seek refuge in a safe country, if they have a "well-founded fear of persecution".

Was Marie's fear well-founded? You decide.

The United Kingdom, like all other European nations, has signed the UN Refugee Convention binding it to accept refugees and help them.

Should the British Government honour this commitment? You decide.

Every refugee is created by our failure.

The simple fact is that every single refugee is a direct consequence of a failure of government.

If each government obeyed its own laws and honoured the UN Declaration of Human Rights which all have signed, there would be no refugees.

Nobody wants to be a refugee.

People don't want to be homeless any more than you do – they don't want to be tortured, murdered or raped any more than you do.

They want to be offered a safe haven, as much as you would if you and your family were fleeing for your lives.

They long to go home as ardently as you would. When that's impossible, they'd like the chance to make a valuable contribution to their new country, just as you would.

For heaven's sake wake up and help them.

One powerful thing you can do is join Amnesty International and/or donate to our campaign funds. Ideally, you'll do both.

You can help us stop the human rights abuse that creates refugees, and repeal those cruel laws that often deny them help after their lives have been destroyed.

Please don't turn away. Even a few pounds helps us to intervene on behalf of people who are in terrifying danger, sometimes even to save their lives.

Is there a better use for your money? We defy you to think of one. Please join us here and now.

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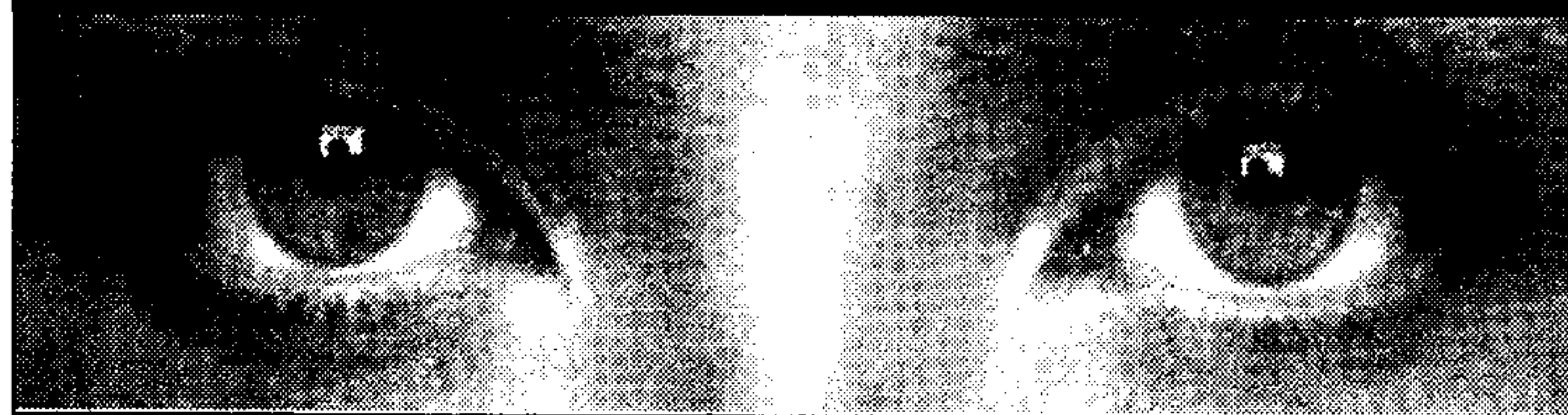
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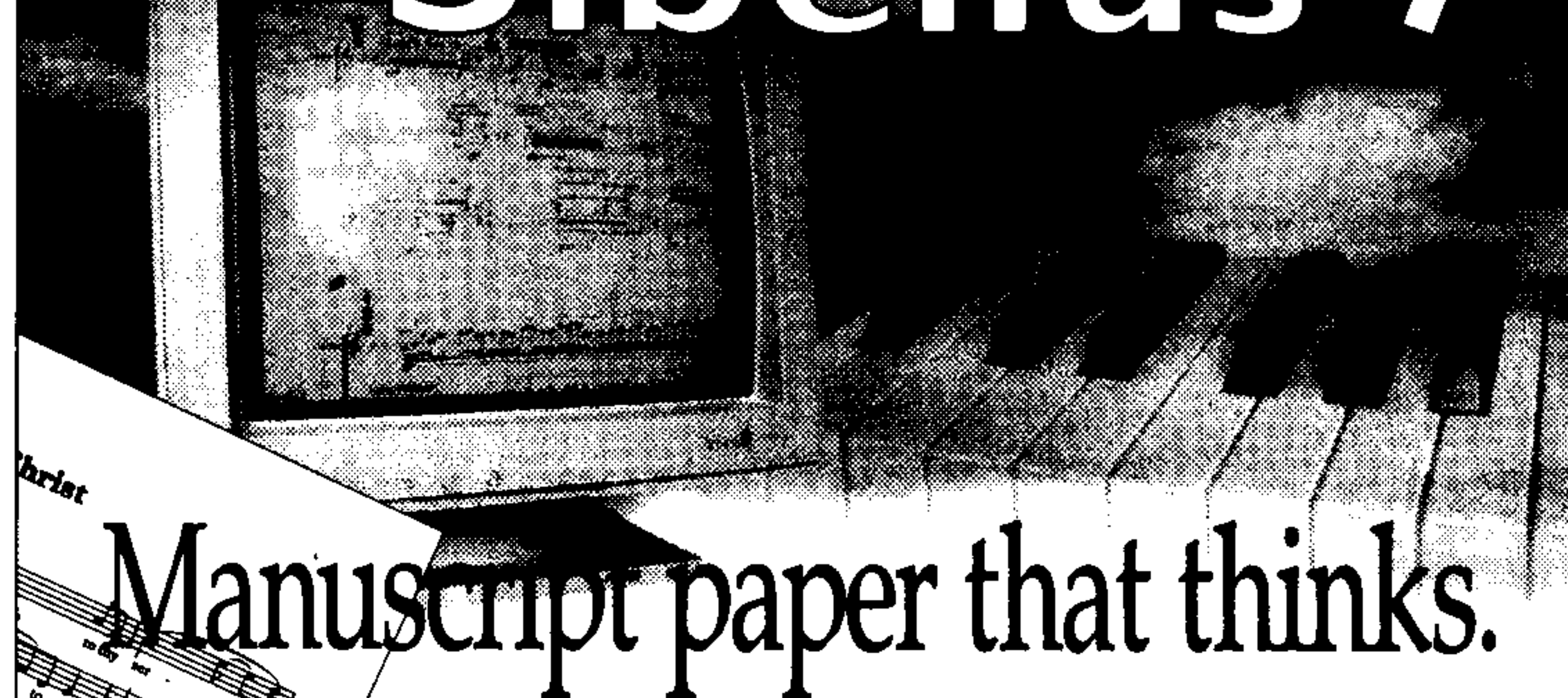


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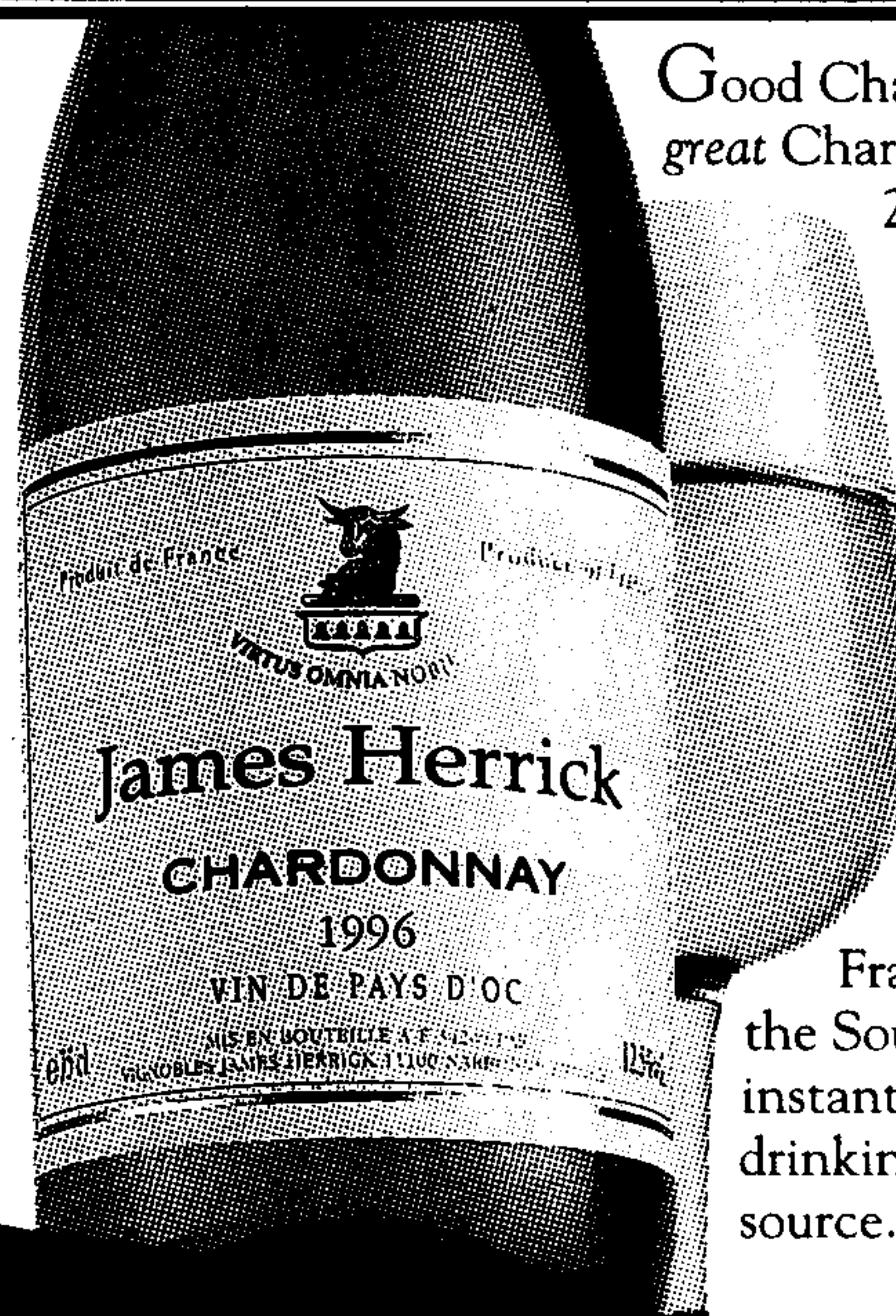
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Gnome



GNOMELOT PLC

THE Government's peevish attitude to my company, Gnomelot, was deeply disappointing to those of us who believed that New Labour had adopted a new and enlightened attitude towards the business community.

Their spiteful and petty response to some trifling bonuses that we at Gnomelot have awarded ourselves — ranging from £320 million for a middle manager to £5 billion for myself — is a matter of grave public concern and disquiet.

Surely it is only fair that a successful company like Gnomelot should be free to allocate incentives to senior executives who would otherwise feel tempted to leave the company and go off to Railtrack or Thames Water where they would be suitably rewarded for their expertise.

However, as a gesture of goodwill, the Gnomelot board have decided to donate a substantial portion of their bonuses (£4.99p) to a good cause (The Gnomelot Home for Retired Lottery Directors, Grand Cayman).

This extraordinary, noble gesture will, I feel sure, silence the critics and is, I would suggest, an exceptional piece of management which in itself is worthy of some sizeable financial recognition. This will be discussed at an emergency board meeting this afternoon.

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COLOUR SECTION

GREAT was the commotion in City fat-catteries when heritage secretary Chris Smith had the effrontery to tell the directors of Camelot, the monopoly lottery company, to give up their gigantic bonuses.

The phone lines from City slickers to the Labour ministers who had courted them during the election crackled with angry messages. Was there not a legal contract between the lottery bosses to pay their bonuses? How could the government break such contracts? Worse still, what would become of all the other ridiculous "performance bonuses" paid to fat cats everywhere?

David Rigg, Camelot's "communications director", launched a wide-ranging publicity campaign to tell the world how wonderfully successful was the lottery and how well-deserved was every penny of the enormous sums paid to directors. Tim Holley, Camelot's chief executive, was singled out for special praise.

Holley came to the lottery from the huge arms-to-electronics firm Racal Datacom, where he was chief executive. One of the first decisions of the new lottery board under Holley was to award a £20m contract to supply telecommunications for the lottery terminals... to Racal Datacom. The contract did not go out to tender.

Racal Datacom also happens to be one of the five main shareholders in the lottery and benefits hugely from its guaranteed dividends. In its accounts last year it claimed £15.1m from its Camelot shares. Overall profits were a mere £21m, a pretty miserable return on a £400m turnover. Without its share in Camelot's lottery monopoly, Mr Holley's former company would be in some trouble.

But never mind. The result of the fat cats' revolt was that in their first serious encounter with the most unpopular rich men in England, Labour ministers surrendered abjectly and chucked in the towel in the second round.

● LATEST GOOD USE OF LOTTERY MONEY: Camelot has instructed expensive solicitors Baker & Mackenzie to hunt down and punish the person responsible for leaking their fat cats' bonuses a week before they would have been published anyway.

A writ has been issued against *Marketing Week* demanding the immediate return of the draft accounts on which the magazine based its scoop about the bonuses.

As in the 1983 case of Sarah Tisdall, who was identified from a photocopy as the leaker of a Ministry of Defence document and was sent to prison, the publishers are likely to protest that the draft might disclose the identity of the informant — which is just what the fat cats want. A prolonged legal argument is likely to follow. If Camelot loses, as everyone hopes, the lottery punters will have to fork out yet again.

YORKSHIRE Water chairman Brandon Gough is to spend more time with his share options having been relieved of a high-powered quango chairmanship by the Labour government.

Gough was appointed chairman of the Higher Education Funding Council for England in April 1993 and reappointed for a second term in April last year. But Baroness Blackstone, new education minister in the Lords, has dispensed with his services from next month.

Never mind. As chairman of De La Rue (*Eye* 922) and a director of National Power plc, he should have plenty to occupy his time.

At Gough's Yorkshire Water, meanwhile, a neat trick was played when it announced that its profits

had risen by 3.1 per cent in 1996-7. It achieved this sleight of hand by adding £47m of exceptional drought costs to come up with a purely notional profit figure for the previous 12 months, 1995-6. In fact profits were up year-on-year from £162m to £216m, representing an inflation-busting rise of more than 33 percent. Tut tut: it'll have to do better than this if it's to evade the windfall tax.

DAVID BLUNKETT's tough new line on failing schools means outing the schools with the worst records. One school already picked out for special criticism by the "new" education secretary is Earl Marshall school in Sheffield.

This is one school Blunkett knows something about. It does have an appalling educational record — and the record was just as bad when one D. Blunkett was leader of Sheffield city council and notionally looking after it between 1980 and 1987.

Then, pupils achieved so few recognised qualifications the school issued them with "Earl Marshall Leaving Certificates" — totally worthless pieces of paper, in other words.

Under Blunkett's leadership the council also held a consultation to see if there was general support for the abolition of school uniforms and corporal punishment. Parents, teachers and sixth formers from all areas of the city showed a 3:1 majority in favour of their retention. They were summarily abolished.

LORD HOLLICK, star chairman of TV (Anglia and Meridian) and newspapers (*Express* and *Star*), is also, lest we forget, a non-executive director of British Aerospace. Or was.

Hollick resigned on being appointed part-time special adviser to Margaret Beckett, the trade and industry secretary, because there might have been a conflict of interest.

Presumably he will also now have to resign his chairmanship of United News and Media, where there might also be a conflict of interest given that the DTI is involved in government reviews of the media ownership rules.

These rules cover how many TV stations may be controlled by a newspaper owner like Rupert Murdoch — or Lord Hollick. The official announcement of his resignation may be a long time coming, however.

- *Satanic Abuse Special* 9
- *Focus on Railtrack* 12
- *St Albion Parish News* 17
- *Diana Book Deal — Scoop* 25



SECRET OF SHAME

MAX "Hitler" Hastings could hardly conceal his glee when Lord Rothermere joined "new" Labour. Since the *Evening Standard* had backed Blair — unlike stablemates the *Daily Mail* and *Mail on Sunday* — Hitler took the defection as proof that he was the proprietor's favourite editor.

But he should not rejoice too soon. Rothermere and Sir David English are likely to go ballistic when they learn that — thanks to Hitler's neanderthal management style — Associated Newspapers may have to pay a large wad of money to prevent one of the *Standard's* top columnists suing her editor for sexual harassment.

The pundit in question is political writer Anne Applebaum. She was hitherto a great Hastings favourite, but his attitude towards her changed dramatically a few weeks ago when she informed him that she was expecting a baby in the autumn. "Are you committed to the *Evening Standard*?" he demanded, subjecting her to a heavy-handed inquisition about whether she intended to stay at the paper after maternity leave. Applebaum promptly consulted her lawyers, who informed her that it was improper and illegal for a boss to ask a pregnant woman such questions.

Guessing that Max wanted her to go, she proposed that he give her a £50,000 severance payment to avoid expensive litigation. In a fraught *tête-à-tête*, Hitler reluctantly agreed. "Oh God, this is the worst thing that's happened to me since my divorce!" he wailed, explaining that he had always hoped that their friendship would become, ahem, slightly more than a purely professional one.

Startled and distressed, la Applebaum returned to her lawyers, who promptly advised that his remarks constituted sexual harassment. To compensate for his boorish behaviour, he is now being asked to shell out £75,000 — or face an embarrassing courtroom encounter with the feisty hackette.

THE *Daily Mirror's* proud boast that it led the campaign against huge pay rises and bonuses for "greedy lottery chiefs" at Camelot — or "Grabalot", as the paper wittily renamed it — provoked loud guffaws in the newsroom.

After all, hacks asked, weren't there striking similarities between the "fat cats" of Camelot and their own beloved boss, David "Rommel" Montgomery? Although sales of all the national newspapers in his group have plummeted in the past year, Rommel nevertheless collected a handsome £581,000 pay-package in 1996 — up from £473,000 the previous year. For good measure, he made a £1.4m profit from share options.

Another paper which worked itself up into a frenzy about Camelot's "jackpot-sized" salaries was the *Express*. Clearly these are quite unlike the jackpot-sized salaries collected last year by *Express* chairman Lord Stevens, who struggled by on £509,000, and chief executive Lord Hollick — who pocketed £640,600, plus an extra £2.2m in "compensation" for his selfless gesture in "sacrificing" some of his share options.



ALAN RUSBRIDGER of the *Guardian* startled his fellow editors two weeks ago by calling for a privacy law.

Delivering the James Cameron Memorial Lecture, Rubbisher loftily explained that there were now two classes of newspaper in this country: weighty broadsheets such as the *Grauniad*, which attempt to inform; and silly tabloids which aim to entertain.

"I would happily sacrifice the freedom to expose the love life of a BBC weather forecaster to 11 million prurient eyes if it meant that the courts would give greater protection to serious papers," he intoned. "The difficulty is making sure that decent, serious journalism can flourish without also opening the door to brutalist and intrusive journalism."

Anyone seeking an example of the *Grauniad's* commitment to serious and sober reporting need only look at his own paper last Tuesday, which devoted no fewer than three pages to an in-depth piece by Emma Forrest headed "Let's Get Fiscal: Why all the girls go ga-ga over Gordon." It was all about the sex appeal — "see that moody stare!" — of our new chancellor of the exchequer. Among those quoted as finding Brown attractive were, er, John Little, the *Independent's* gay columnist, and part-time lesbians Julie Burchill and Charlotte Raven, her ex-girlfriend.

PS: A YEAR after Burchill and Raven announced their intention of reviving *The Modern Review*, there are signs it may appear. La Raven is installed in a London office — in Charlotte Street, ho ho — and busily commissioning articles. Unfortunately she has been having slight problems with one contributor: her new lover Ian Parker, who proved unable to deliver his piece by the agreed deadline. Hastily ringing another hack for a replacement feature, Charlotte sounded displeased. "I gave up lesbianism for that man!" she wailed. "And he can't even get his copy in on time."

THE INDEPENDENT SUB EDITOR

The Independent has a vacancy for a quality Sub Editor to join it's talented team at Canary Wharf.

The Independent

HAS *Express* editor Richard Addis finally bid farewell to his last vestiges of sanity?

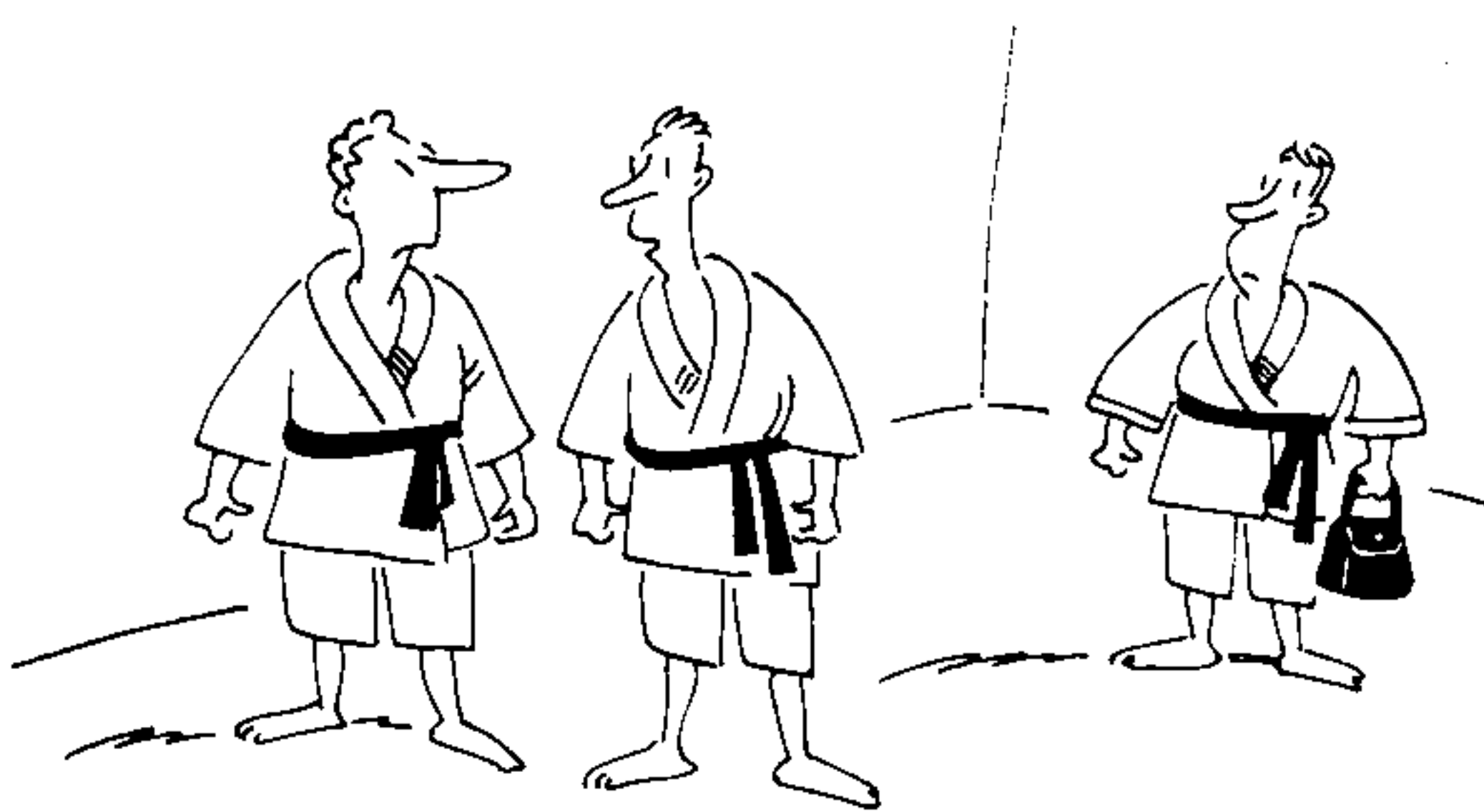
It seems so to judge by his recent conversation with jovial William Hickey editor John McEntee. "Polly!" he roared. "Do tell me that joke you told at conference this morning, Polly. It was awfully good."

McHickey, who has never been called Polly in his life and hadn't attended conference that day, was understandably puzzled. Eager to please, however, he recounted the first joke he could think of — and was rewarded with an appreciative hoot of laughter. "Thank you, Polly," the grateful editor chuckled.

One wonders how much longer *Express* owner Lord Hollick will tolerate Addis's eccentricities. It seems that Addis has been wondering, too. Talking to another friend recently, he seemed to be already contemplating his early retirement. "I'm told you can live very comfortably in Greece on £10,000 a year," he mused.

IN A glowing profile of multi-millionaire Scottish TV boss Gus Macdonald, the *Financial Times* notes that he began his working life as an apprentice fitter at the Clydeside shipyards. In those days, it adds, he was a bit of a leftie — though strictly Labour. When he came to London he met Michael Foot and started working for *Tribune*.

Macdonald's old friends have rather different recollections. In fact he arrived in London as a full-time organiser for the Trotskyist International Socialists, and spent some time living in the spare-room of IS leader Tony Cliff. Perhaps this is what he meant when he told the *FT*: "I try to hold my views very lightly."



TONY Blair is being awfully sweet to all whose hopes of preferment have been cruelly dashed.

Among the bitterly disappointed is glamorous Mary Ann Sieghart, *Times* leader writer and self-publicist. Mary Ann had laboured mightily before the election to convince her paper to support Blair, and had huge hopes of secondment to the Downing Street policy unit. Ever since, the poor gel's been in the dumps — till recently, when she rang Peter Mandelson, and the prime minister himself returned her call. Mere consolation, of course, to keep her "on side". But now Mary Ann, like a teenager in love, can't stop telling the world!

TORY leadership contender and former Welsh Secretary William Hague, plugging his flagging campaign like crazy, squeezed into a crowded lift at the *Daily Mail* last week on the way to a top-level lunch. At the second floor, a hack pushed his way in to be met by a female colleague who reported loudly: "Poor old Hague's sitting downstairs all by himself."

In the embarrassed silence that followed, a voice from inside the lift announced: "Not anymore, he isn't." Who said Wales had sapped bachelor Bill's sense of humour?

ANDREW "Brillo Pad" Neill's courting of the lovely Tanya Thompson, a hack from the *Aberdeen's Press and Journal*, has gone one step further.

The wily Neill had already treated her to dinner at the swanky Balmoral hotel, whisked her off to Murrayfield for a rugby international and finally taken her to the press ball in Glasgow.

Now the inevitable has happened: Thompson has ended up in, er, the newsroom of the *Scotsman* as a reporter, having been poached from the *Aberdeen* paper. No doubt she is a valuable addition to the team of its editor-in-chief, Andrew Neill.

CONGRATS to Andrew Cameron: after a long and distinguished career as managing director of *Express Newspapers* — until his abrupt sacking last year — he has now become a press baron himself. He is one of the four new owners of the British franchise for, er, *Penthouse*. Having worked with wankers for many years, at least he should know his market.

Congratulations, too, to another Fleet Street legend whose career goes from strength to strength. Mike Molloy, editor of the *Daily Mirror* during the 1970s and 1980s, has been lying low since his recent brief stint as boxwallah for *Punch*, from which he was sacked. Now, however, he is back on top again — working as a consultant for the *Sainsbury's* supermarket magazine. In view of his famous thirst, it is thought he will be concentrating on the wine section.

JUST FANCY THAT!

VICTORY OF THE LOTTERY FAT-CATS

— Headline in the *Independent*, 7 June 1997, after Camelot directors decide to keep their massive bonuses.

CAMELOT SURRENDERS IN PAY SQUABBLE

— Headline in the *Guardian*, 7 June 1997.

FAMILY VALUES

HARRODS owner and *Punch* proprietor Mohamed Fayed is the chief benefactor of the People's Trust, which aims to raise moral standards and promote family values. But charity, at least in Fayed's case, does not begin at home: last week Harrods sacked an employee who refused to sign a new contract of employment which would have prevented him from seeing his children.

David Pease, who has worked at Harrods for 15 years, was one of 350 staff at the store who were issued with dismissal notices effective from 1 June. Those who wished to stay at Harrods were obliged to accept new employment contracts obliging them to work at weekends.

Pease pointed out to his employers that the terms of his divorce settlement meant he could only see his children at weekends, and asked for these "special circumstances" to be taken into account. The response from Harrods was typically sensitive: he was ordered to hand in his uniform and identity card and leave the premises forthwith.



BRUSSELS SPROUTS

WHAT happens to the thousands of directives and regulations passed by Brussels each year? Not much, judging by the experience of a member of the public who heard a BBC news programme mention a directive on timeshare properties and decided to investigate.

European commission officials in London and Brussels declared that nothing had been passed on the subject since 1994. After two more calls to the Consumer Policy Division, the concerned consumer was told that the woman who knew all about it had left several weeks earlier.

More calls to Directorate General XXII and a Mr Staudenmayer obligingly informed the consumer: "What we think Europe may have been told about is implementation of the directive because the delay for that is 30 months. To my knowledge none of the EU countries has adopted it."

Mr Staudenmayer explained helpfully that he had set up a database to give information on matters including timeshares, but had no idea what was on it. However, a Mrs Cuellar knew all about it. But she was away.

On her return Mrs Cuellar told the dogged inquirer that only one country had adopted the directive — Germany. But according to the Spanish embassy in London, the Canary Islands has adopted the 1994 directive and so has the UK. Clearly Mr Staudenmayer's database needs an overhaul as this all makes our highly paid Euro-chiefs (£104,956 pa, plus expenses) look a bit silly.

EDUCATION NEWS

THE following recipe for further education college stew has been sent in from Somerset.

1 Take Yeovil College, one of the first FE colleges, set up in 1972, and a recognised centre of excellence.

2 Employ an aggressive new principal called Richard Atkins, who prefers to style himself "chief executive".

3 Next, miscalculate student numbers and so receive less than expected from the further education funding council. At the same time, embark on an over-ambitious building programme.

4 With the debts of £1.5m you have now accrued, make plans to sell off college buildings and the rugby playing fields (the only grass area owned by the college) to get the college back in the black.

5 Sack 40 staff in a "restructuring" (letters of redundancy to be sent by motorcycle courier to staff on a Saturday) and produce a vastly expanded bureaucracy with teachers outnumbered nearly 2:1.

6 Try to push remaining staff on to contracts with different rates of pay and longer working hours. Prepare for strike action.

HALLO!

THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN



HALLO!

TONY and Cherie invite Bill 'n' Hillary to Sir Terence Conran's lovely Pont de La Tour restaurant — but there is an excessively disagreeable incident, I can reveal.

The American president was caught, er, short. So to avert any unnecessary embarrassment, he was directed towards the staff convenience. Bill pushed open the toilet door, only to find himself face to face (as it were) with the kitchen porter sitting on the loo, trousers round his legs. Bill quickly reversed.

Had this been the other way round, imagine — we'd now know what Ms Paula Jones means by "distinguishing marks"!

HALLO!

SADLY, my excitable chum Marco Pierre White, restaurateur extraordinaire, proves himself a bit of a wally.

Mega-star Marco and fellow London chef-person Philip Howard (of something called The Square) recently went for Sunday lunch to another trendissimo restaurant, The Fat Duck in Bray, Berkshire. Though sitting on the terrace, they discovered that Gordon Ramsey, owner-chef of Chelsea's ultra-chic Aubergine, was inside. Fat Duck proprietor, Heston Blumenthal, was summoned and instructed: "Get rid of Ramsey."

When the message was relayed to 6ft 2in Ramsey, he volunteered to leave in order not to upset his wife, Cayatana — but not before observing to Marco, whilst leaving: "You're a sad bastard." The great man replied, bravely, that Ramsey was upsetting his girlfriend Matty by his presence.

Lordy, what can have upset majestic Marco? Surely not the fact that Ramsey, who once worked for him, now owns a two-star Michelin joint favoured by the likes of Diana, Princess Margaret and Andrew Lloyd Webber? Too petty, surely, for our new breed of celebrity restaurateurs?

HALLO!

WHAT is it about these jumped up cooks that so obsesses the nation that people seem to talk of little else? When *Evening Standard* food critic Fay Maschler recently lambasted Sir Terence Conran, after the opening of his mass Bluebird gaff in the King's Road, some bitchy foodie folk have, sotto voce, drawn attention to the fact that Fay is a very close friend of Caroline, Sir Terence's third wife, whom he divorced last year. So what?

JERRY PREGNANT SHOCK



HALLO!

TO the Oxford Union, where former Tory ministers Steve "Shagger" Norris and Peter Bottomley oppose MP Piers Merchant, who advocates the introduction of a privacy law.

Alas, Oxford students are so thick, it takes BBC political hack John Sargeant to point out to the insufferably smug Piers, the happily married Tory caught before the election snogging a party worker (and Soho hostess): "But you were pictured in a public place!"

More intriguingly "Shagger" Norris had been billed for this event as an ex-minister, best-known for an extra-marital affair.

"I object to that description," announced "Shagger" boastfully, at the outset of his speech. "I had at least half a dozen!"



"Hello, Valentino's... Yes, Mrs Williams, you did leave your baby"

HALLO!

CONGRATULATIONS to Andrew Hardie QC, whose glittering legal career reached giddy new heights with his appointment as Scotland's Lord Advocate.

His Lordship has always been willing to go to extraordinary lengths to uphold truth and justice. Only last year the poor man was wrongly implicated in the trial of a 17-year-old rent boy, who had falsely claimed a relationship with him and alleged that Hardie had an identifiable mole in his nether regions.

This was a disgraceful calumny, but — displaying a no-nonsense approach that America's Bill Clinton would do well to emulate — the elegant lawman duly presented himself before Inspector McNacker and dropped his trousers for a close examination.

His impressive display of legal attributes was enough to settle matters and the youth was later found guilty of forging His Lordship's signature on bogus cheques.

HALLO!

THE Princess of Wales has learned the cost of blackballing one's best media source. So she's pardoned the *Daily Mail's* dashing royal hack Richard Kay (see previous *Eyes*) — in order to denounce her own mother!

When Mrs Frances Shand-Kydd gave a gossipy interview to Diana's favoured organ *Hello!*, the raging princess suddenly found herself unable to do without her megaphone to the world. Not only did Kay faithfully take down Diana's dictation ("Diana Fury At Mother's Story"), he even seems to be operating as her private nark.

Hello!'s photographer, Clive Arrowsmith, was astonished to be rung by Kay, who said: "There's big money if you tell me what Shand-Kydd said off-the-record about her daughter."

HALLO!

WHAT everyone wants to know is whether Diana is having an affair with smoothy heart surgeon Hasnat "Natty" Khan or not? On such a delicate topic, naturally I turn to Diana's mother to bring my anxious readers a mum's special insight on this burning issue. Mrs Shand-Kydd, discreetly, says nowt. Instead, she rolls her eyes to the heavens in the most extraordinary way.

'The Marquesa'



IN THE TEAROOM

THOUGH in media interviews Labour's backbenchers appear possessed of a rehearsed and uniform certainty, in the tearoom they don't know what they're supposed to think... or say. Which, after all, is the true face of the party in power: Robin Cook's foxlike grin? Harriet Harman's softly earnest blush? Or the minatory, in-her-face thrust of Alastair Campbell's pugnacious jowls?

Was Tony Blair's true mission at Malmö, as the foreign office softies said, to forge consensus and cooperation among European social democrats on tackling unemployment? Or was it, as the hard-faced men from Number 10 span it, to lecture deadbeat socialists like Lionel Jospin on the real world of labour-market flexibility?

And what about that council estate speech? First, Campbell's people brief Sunday newspaper journalists that it signals getting tough on scrounging sluts. Then, after Harriet Harman has run shrieking out of her office waving the front pages, they *correct the emphasis* and say it's all about giving jobs and childcare to ever-so-deserving single mums.

Harperson, as well as being social security secretary, is also minister for wimmin. Though she may be fully signed-up to "tough love" in principle, one thing she cannot do at this stage in her career is slag off the sisterhood.

Shocked by what she sees as Big Al's (typically male) insensitivity in this affair, Harriet has some ideas of her own to keep the spin-doctors themselves more reliably on-message. Her wimmin's portfolio is designed to allow her to bring a feminizing touch to all areas of government activity; and now she's determined that'll include "policy presentation". Arguing that all this macho briefing puts women off, she's planning not just a makeover but a complete facelift for the prime minister's enormous-great-brute of a press secretary.

'Urquhart'

AN astonishing report was studiously circulated in the Northern Ireland media on 14 May that Mo Mowlam, the secretary of state for the province, had been in touch with former rally driver Baroness Jean Denton about a "role" in the new administration.

Denton was a junior minister at Stormont in the Tory government. Last year a Catholic woman civil servant in her office accused the baroness's private secretary, a Protestant, of taunting her in Denton's private office with triumphalist commentaries on the scenes of loyalist violence in Garvachy Road, Portadown.

The province's fair employment commission

MAGGIE INTERVENES



THE NEW BOYS: 2 Graham Stringer

NEW MPs usually try to make friends and ingratiate themselves with party leaders — but not Graham Stringer, the humourless, grumbling "new" Labour member for Manchester Blackley.



Stringer, 47, unknown outside Manchester prior to his election, earned widespread notoriety and the wrath of the Labour cabinet for his stunningly stupid claim that

protesters against the new runway for Manchester airport (of which he is chairman) "come from the same political tradition as Mussolini and Pol Pot".

The Pol Pot comparison is apt. When Stringer (who in classic petit-bourgeois style grew up in his parents' shop in the Manchester slum of Beswick) became Labour leader of Manchester city council in 1984 (sic), Year Zero was declared and 200 years of the city's history were brushed aside. Manchester had become a powerful city on free trade and industrial growth. But no more.

The Free Trade Hall, the city's best-known building, would be renamed the Peterloo Hall in honour of fallen proletariat victims of the city's best-known demonstration. Industrial growth would be replaced by a "city council committed to equal opportunities and fighting the Tory cuts". Major local companies were chased out of town by hostile policies and punitive rate rises (Refuge Assurance, founded locally, went to Wilmslow) while many vacated office blocks were bulldozed for car parks.

When the evil Tory government tried to arrest the decline by setting up a Docklands-style Urban Development Corporation (UDC), Stringer staunchly resisted joining. But as soon as the UDC got results, Stringer climbed aboard. Now he cheekily claims that the body's successes — the Castlefield canal projects, the conversion of empty warehouses to yuppie flats, etc — were down to him.

Strangely he is less keen to remind people of his failures or shortcomings. There was the vaunted

claim that his administration would stage a "bitter fight to the end" against Thatcherism: no cuts, no rate rises, no rent rises. That lasted until Manchester imposed a 20 percent rate rise and carried out its own swingeing cuts. Then there were the two botched bids to host the Olympic games; the follow-up to the Rio Earth Summit which had to be cancelled when no sponsorship came in; the staging of the world chess championships which had to be called off because Manchester failed to tell the contestants; the hosting of the 2002 Commonwealth games, which nobody else wanted and, most publicly of all, the battle against the building of the second runway at Manchester airport which the city council owns and which Stringer chairs.

Manchester doesn't need the runway — it should have gone to Speke in Liverpool on economic grounds. But the city wants it for reasons of self-aggrandizement, and Stringer wants it because as chairman, *ex-city* leader and an unimportant backbench MP, it's his last bastion of power.

Stringer bears grudges like other MPs cultivate membership of dining clubs, and his current grouch against the world, and particularly the airport protesters, stems from an incident on general election night when, unaccompanied by his minders, he was accosted in the town hall by a protester dressed in a bear suit. The man who had labelled the airport protesters "hypocrites and cowards" ran away. The incident offended his dignity and broke his cool so much he vowed to get even.

Stringer's next humiliation will come when the Trafford Centre opens as Europe's largest mall four miles west of Manchester city centre. City centre trade will die and Manchester councillors, including Stringer, are already wringing their hands. Ironically the Trafford Centre is owned by the Manchester Ship Canal company, the outfit that is bankrolling Manchester's Commonwealth games and on whose board Stringer has sat as a paid city council delegate.

For how long will Stringer continue to take the "new" Labour whip? When he joined Manchester council in the late 70s he joined a rump of left-wing councillors determined to overthrow the ruling Wislonians. When Stringer and Co failed to win the arguments in the Labour group they clubbed together with the Tories and Liberals to vote down their own party colleagues in the chamber. This continued until they became the majority, took control and ditched the old guard. Surely he can't believe history repeats itself, except as farce?

decided that this was sectarian harassment and awarded the woman £10,000 compensation. Three weeks after the harassment, Denton transferred the victim, her diary secretary, to another department.

When the *Irish News* publicised this move, the Northern Ireland office set up an inquiry under the Northern Ireland ombudsman Maurice Hayes. Despite widespread advance publicity that it had "cleared" the baroness, in fact it confirmed that she had ignored the advice of senior civil servants that by moving her secretary she had breached her government's own fair employment laws.

On 5 June the baroness appeared on television in Northern Ireland and attacked by name a senior civil servant, Gerry Loughran, implying that his advice on the harassment case had been unreliable. Loughran is the only Catholic in the running for the vacant top civil service job in Northern Ireland, that of permanent secretary. It is hard to think of anyone more suitable to play a part in the new peace process than the redoubtable baroness.

WILL the new government be any more anxious than its predecessor to order a public inquiry into the Lockerbie bombing of 1988 — the biggest mass murder in British history?

In 1991 Neil Kinnock gave the families' representatives an assurance that a future Labour government would order an "investigation into the issues relating to the Lockerbie tragedy". His successors John Smith and Tony Blair were more circumspect, and the government's intentions will become clear in an adjournment debate on 11 June (after the *Eye* goes to press) and in a Commons answer from Blair a week later.

The key figure in any decision is an Edinburgh QC called Andrew Hardie. Hardie has been

appointed lord advocate, the Scottish equivalent of the English attorney-general and a member of the government.

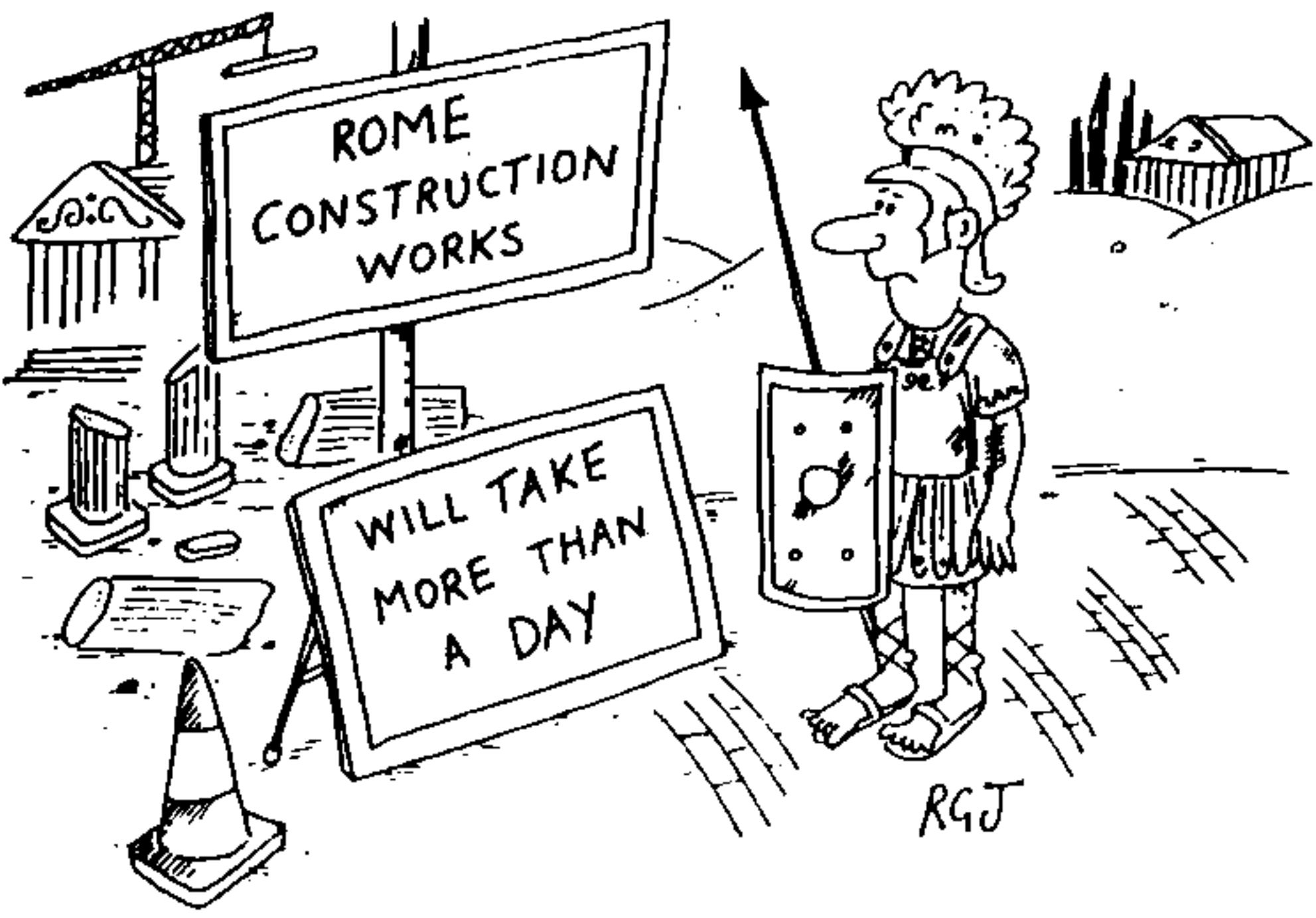
Hardie's commitment to the Labour party in recent years has not been excessive. He has never stood for parliament. Even though another Scottish QC, Linda Clark, now sits in the Commons as MP for Edinburgh Pentlands, Hardie gets into the government by the back door — through the House of Lords.

Lockerbie families are not overjoyed at his appointment. They remember Hardie as the deputy to the former Tory lord advocate, Lord Fraser of Carmyllie, at the fatal accident inquiry at Dumfries in 1990 in which, they felt, the new Lord Hardie took a firm line for the Tory government against any further inquiry. What will he do now?

LABOUR MP Chris Mullin's efforts to help his local Sunderland fishermen are being thwarted by his own agent Kevin Marquis (see last *Eye*), whose company, Wearfish, is trying to monopolise the Sunderland quayside.

Marquis is a member of the Wearfish consortium which is still refusing to commit itself to being a non-profit making organisation — a condition of the European regional development fund grant it is receiving.

More bad publicity for embattled Mullin comes in the form of the voting measures Wearfish has introduced of one boat, one vote in the new consortium. This means some of the richer fishermen with two or even three boats get more votes than their poorer colleagues. This leaves the richer fishermen free to decommission some of their boats once safely inside the lucrative consortium and still reap the dividends of their old colleagues' hard work.



THE THINGS THEY SAY

"In his maiden speech the hon. Member for Tatton (Mr Bell) was unfairly ungracious to his predecessor Neil Hamilton. I am sure that many hon Members on both sides of the House would agree that Neil Hamilton, as well as introducing a degree of colour and wit, made a significant contribution to the quality of our debates. He was the *Spectator* parliamentary wit of the year and it was unfortunate that that was not mentioned."

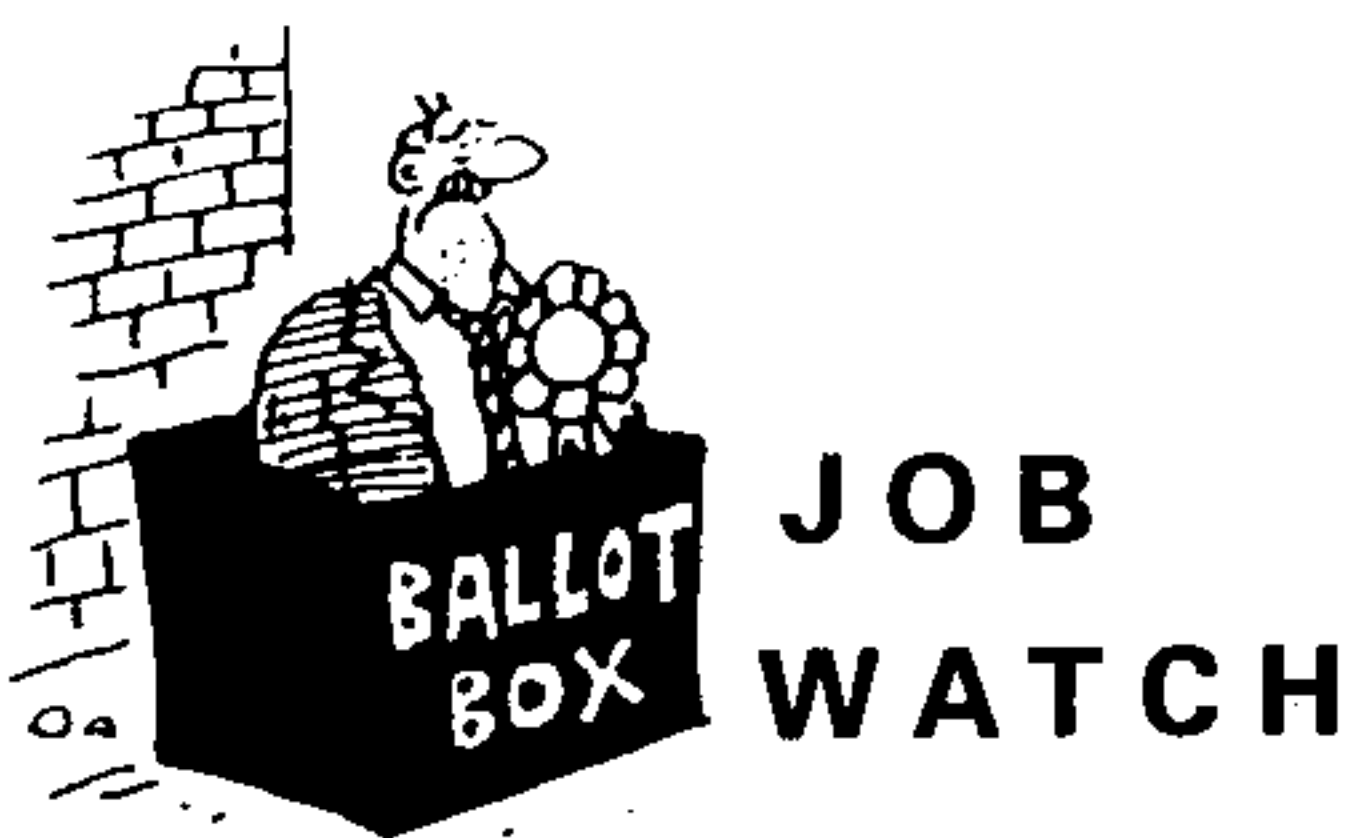
— Gerald Howarth, new Tory MP for Aldershot, House of Commons, 20 May.

MORE from the Winchester seat of defeated health minister Gerry Malone, where his Lib Dem successor Mark Oaten has failed to impress the constituents.

Oaten only won after various recounts pronounced him ahead by two votes. When he had thought he was about to lose, however, he unleashed his fury upon the troublesome Richard Huggett, formerly a *Literal Democrat* who had stood in Winchester as Liberal Democrat Top Choice for Parliament and had scooped 640 votes — presumably straight from Oaten.

But Oaten's words — "You bastard, Huggett, I'm going to fucking kill you" — have now won him an audience with Inspector Knacker of Hampshire, who has announced that his constabulary is "investigating an allegation made by Richard Huggett relating to the conduct towards him by Mark Oaten during the count".

This is embarrassing for Oaten, whose election leaflet stated: "Mark Oaten is concerned about how crime has soared under the Conservatives. He wants more police back on the beat." Lib Dems, who are hot on law 'n' order, will not be thrilled to find their new colleague on the wrong side of the law quite so soon.



SOLICITORS specialising in crime have been circulated with a moving appeal for work on behalf of "a renowned criminal defence silk" who defended "the Kray Twins, Dennis Nilsen (the serial killer) Russell Bishop (the "Babes in the Woods" murders) and two of the Brinks Mat gold bullion cases."

The circular goes on: "He now looks forward to concentrating solely on his practice at the Bar and is available for instruction on criminal cases of seriousness and complexity."

The genius in question is of course Sir Ivan Lawrence QC, who is desperate for work because he lost his other job — as Tory MP for Burton — when his 1992 majority of 4,127 was turned into a majority of 6,330 for Labour's Janet Dean, founder member of the crime prevention panel at Uttoxeter.

PS: For details of Sir Ivan's heroic rescue of home secretary Michael Howard over the Derek Lewis affair, see *Eye* 914.

PPS: The *Eye* would be happy to publicise the attempts of any other ex-MPs seeking employment.

'Backbiter'

Satanic Abuse Special

THE concept of open government — keenly promoted by "new" Labour during the general election — has not yet reached the secretive bosses of Nottinghamshire county council. Last week they rushed to the high court to obtain an injunction against three freelance journalists who had dared to post on the internet an official report on the "satanic abuse" scare.

The three hacks are now being sued for breach of copyright, while a fourth defendant — John Gwatkin, a former area director of Notts social services — faces an action for breach of confidence.

The report summarises the results of an inquiry by two police officers and two social services staff, conducted in 1989 after Notts social workers — and the media — whipped up an hysterical panic about "ritual abuse" of children on the Broxtowe council estate. The joint enquiry team (JET) concluded that there was no evidence whatsoever of satanic rites, whether in Nottingham or anywhere else.

Stories of weird rituals first appeared soon after the arrest of 10 members of an extended family on the estate, who were later jailed for incest, sexual abuse and assault. Their children were placed in the care of foster parents who, at the behest of local social workers, began to keep diaries of the children's reminiscences. The diaries included bizarre allegations of witchcraft parties, human sacrifice, cannibalism, children being turned into frogs, and much more besides.

Some of the stories were obviously ludicrous ("my mummy flies on a broomstick... I was murdered when I was a baby... I'm Superman and I kill the witches"). Nevertheless, social workers insisted that "the children must be believed".

The police were, understandably, more sceptical. Several children gave detailed descriptions of "tunnels" underneath Wollaton Hall, a local building, in which satanic rituals had allegedly taken place. No such tunnels existed. The evidence of adults from the extended family was little better: one of them identified a house which supposedly had a butler, a secret passage and a cellar with four bodies in it. The JET investigators visited the property and found that the story was a complete fabrication.

How, then, could one explain the similarities in the children's stories? The outpouring of allegations coincided with the preparation of a *Cook Report* TV programme whose researcher, Tim Tate, had become a zealous believer in the existence of "satanic networks". From a fellow-zealot in America, Tate obtained a list of "satanic indicators" which he passed on to Ray Wyre, a self-styled "expert" on child abuse. In February 1988, Wyre was hired to give a "presentation" to Notts social workers and the foster parents in which he described the "indicators" for which they should be looking. These included animal sacrifice, monsters and ghosts, a mysterious church, drinking of blood. The foster parents then started interrogating the children and — lo and behold — all these stories duly surfaced.

After lengthy investigation, the team concluded that the indicators had a profound effect: with prompting, the children were only too happy to please foster parents and social workers by confirming whatever they wanted to hear. One boy said that he had seen babies "cooked" for six hours in microwave ovens until they turned black. (If any such unlikely event had occurred, the babies would in fact have exploded.) By a striking coincidence, he made this claim just one week after Notts social workers attended a conference in Reading at which a satanic "expert" announced that children in the United States had reported babies being cooked in microwave ovens.

An NSPCC team working on the case also used certain "symbolic objects" to jog the children's memories. These included a witch's costume, snakes, spiders, masks and Mr Pooh Bear. Surprise surprise: the children then started babbling about witches, spiders and a sinister "Pooh Bear" figure.

There is no doubt that the children were victims of sexual abuse and incest. But, after thorough investigation in Britain and the United States, the enquiry team members concluded that the satanic mumbo-jumbo was nonsense, promoted by credulous social workers and dubious "experts". Since their report contained valuable lessons for

police and social workers elsewhere, they prepared a shorter, sanitised version — omitting all the names and identifying details — for general publication.

But then Nottinghamshire county council suppressed it. And it had remained secret ever since, until being published on the internet last week. Explaining the hasty injunction, a council spokesman told the *Nottingham Evening Post* that "social services deals with confidential cases and reports all the time. We will resolutely defend that confidentiality." Since all "confidential" material had already been removed from the report, however, this is absurd.

Cynical observers may be tempted to suspect that the council is merely trying to spare the blushes of its own social workers — who were so proud of their satanic obsession that by 1989 they were already being invited to address prestigious seminars as acknowledged experts in the field. In fact, much of their expertise derived from Ray Wyre, aided and abetted by Tim Tate of the *Cook Report*.

This scandal doesn't seem to have harmed the careers of those most closely involved. Tim Tate was the producer of Channel 4's documentary on Cleveland child abuse two weeks ago. Ray Wyre appeared in the companion programme on "satanic abuse" a week later, still peddling his tendentious conspiracy theories. Oddly enough, the film didn't mention his personal and financial interest in the affair: Wyre was billed merely as an independent "consultant on sex offenders".

Fortunately, Nottinghamshire's attempts to stifle public discussion seem unlikely to succeed. On hearing that the *Evening Post* intended to write about the JET report last week, the council fired off a solicitor's letter threatening legal action. But as the *Post* gleefully pointed out, the threat was worthless because the JET findings had also been summarised in a 1990 report to a council committee written by the then head of social services. Since this was a public document, the county council couldn't claim copyright on it.

The horse has bolted — as have the witches on their broomsticks. But the county council still seems to believe in the magical properties of good old-fashioned "ritual litigation". No doubt the ratepayers, who have to pay the bill for this folly, feel that their money is being well spent.

● **PS:** *The Death of Childhood*, Channel 4's programme on satanic child abuse scares in Nottingham, Rochdale and Orkney, did not reveal the full extent of the damage to the original family in the Orkney cases, the "W" family (see *Eyes passim*).

The father was imprisoned for child abuse, but his children were also taken away from their mother, despite the father's removal. The mother fought for years to reunite her family and four children were finally returned home.

Since then, though, the youngest two have been adopted on the mainland against her wishes. One of them was only seven years old when she was removed for questioning sessions which left her suffering repeated nightmares.

Orkney Islands Council made a "wholehearted apology" and paid compensation to the four families whose children were removed after allegations of satanic abuse, but the "W" family has never been compensated for its years of separation.

Her attack is a reaction to recent tabloid headlines about lesbians becoming pregnant after advertising for sperm donors or by using a friend's sperm collected in a pickle jar.

The 51-year-old property owner said: "These couples should become pregnant by proper methods, like I did, rather than going into it willy-nilly."

Banbury Guardian

TIME

Turner Round The World (Carlton)

ONCE, and not so long ago, new light entertainment series came into being in roughly the way that you would expect. Someone would have an idea. Someone else would buy that idea. The idea would be developed into a programme. Someone would be found to host it.

Sounds almost quaint, doesn't it? For since stars took over television, this sort of natural gestation simply doesn't take place. Indeed, the process usually works in reverse. First you come up with your star and pay him or her bowel-clenching quantities of money. Then you ask him or her, very, very politely, what he or she feels like doing. Then you desperately scout around for a format that might pass

muster. Several months later you wonder why everyone tells you your programmes are crap.

Perhaps such a system would work if the "stars" thus chosen actually possessed a modicum of talent. But when, like Carlton, you build your light entertainment schedules around Phillip Schofield and Anthea Turner, you are asking for trouble.

Since these two titans signed up, the London station has tried to accommodate them with an almost hilarious variety of LE formats. Shows like *Schofield's Gold*, *One In A Million*, *All You Need Is Love* have come and gone and been forgotten, while Schofield and Turner have banked their cheques. Not all these shows were actually that bad, but each was fatally sabotaged by a terrible void at its centre. Remarkable would be the show that could transcend the participation of either of these two.

Turner Round The World, set in an unnecessarily vast studio in front of a wild and possibly psychotic audience, is little more than a glossily packaged phone-in with super cash prizes. Anthea has two round-the-world tickets to give away to the first person who guesses which far-flung city she has been to this week. There follow three short films full of clues, red herrings and, above all, Anthea, flirting with the cameras in her customary sexless manner.

You have to admire her, really. Here is a 36-year-old married woman who, after 15 years in tele-

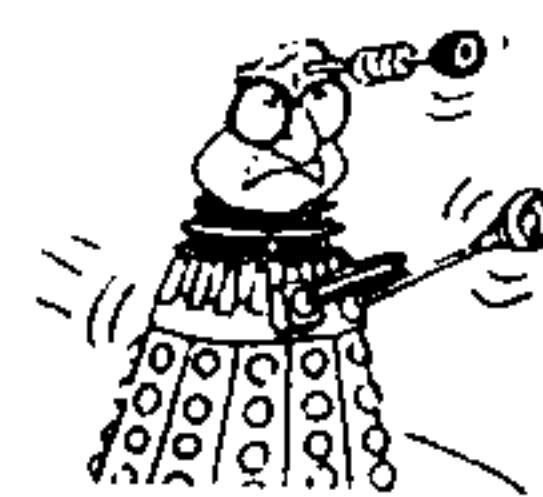
vision, is still projecting the persona of a simpering, slightly naff teenager perpetually on the verge of giggles. "Wow! What a noise!" she drooled last week as the audience went bananas, her eyes so wide they constantly threatened to drop out.

Most celebs on TV tend to be larger than life. Anthea, uniquely, sets out to be smaller than life. She plays constantly on her vulnerability, her little-girl-ness, in the hope that everyone will want to give her a big hug. It's a classic case of arrested development, which may make her popular with ITV's elderly and largely incontinent audience, but totally undermines a large-scale project like *Turner Round The World*.

Unerringly Anthea hits the wrong note. "So have you got it yet?" she asks us, patronisingly sing-song, like a nurse to a long-stay mental patient. "They hosted the Commonwealth Games, so this city is somewhere in the Commonwealth." Would we ever have worked this out for ourselves?

The question you should never find yourself asking about a show like this is "So what?" Game shows, by their very nature, are fantastically pointless, but the best ones manage to deflect you from this fact. *Turner Round The World*, by contrast, is visibly redundant. It goes out live but it is dead from the neck up. No doubt Carlton is already looking for another project to shape round the star.

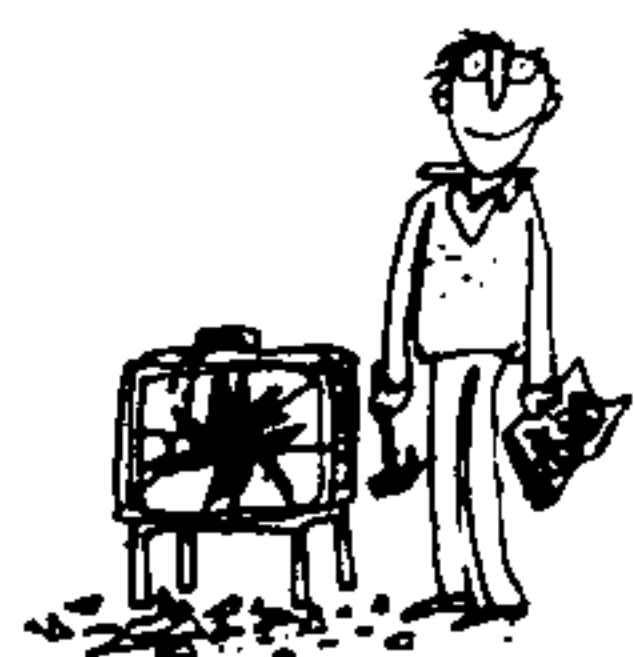
'Couch Potato'



BIRTSPEAK

JOHN Barlow has been appointed as SET Project Director for BBC Resources. In 1996 SET, the Systems Examination Team, looked at "best practice" techniques for business processes and systems across the Directorate. Now John is on board, initially for a period of 12 months, he will lead a small team ensuring that best practice is implemented in every Resources unit. The SET initiative will build, as before, on input from all business units within Resources. "Our key priority is to become more efficient, while maintaining quality," says John. "It's vital that our systems enhance the business and ensure we can concentrate on serving our customers. With the introduction of such systems throughout the BBC, via the MEDAS project, we are well positioned to influence the final outcome."

— Around Resources



MEDIA NEWS

THANKFULLY Britain's new heritage secretary Chris Smith seems hellbent on shaking up the BBC and its Birtist management layers. One of the many areas worthy of his attention is the music library.

One of the Beeb's proudest boasts is that it holds the world's largest record library, established in 1922 with a collection stretching back to 1888. Since its Birtist transformation, however, the Television Centre music library has been moved in with the research library, and three of the six music librarians have been made redundant.

What is more, the magnificent collection has been moved to a storeroom well away from its librarians' office because the budget could not stretch to new racks. Instead, managers have provided mobile phones to make sure the librarians

can still be reached while they are pacing the corridors between their new offices and the new record store.

Meanwhile the overall music library budget, which includes Broadcasting House's CD and record store and a sheet music library, must be cut by more than £300,000 to meet next year's budget. Five redundancies will probably be needed to cover the shortfall.

Chaos has ensued ever since the music library was ordered to charge programme makers £8 for every CD or record they borrowed. If there was a chance that a programme would need to use the music again it became logical for them to go and buy the CD themselves instead of borrowing it from the music library.

The library's business dwindled dramatically as soon as charges were introduced. Apart from undermining the library, the changes have also meant a far greater cost to the BBC. Individual programmes now go out and buy the same CD: so instead of the BBC just paying for one library copy of a CD it forks out many times over to individual programme-makers desperately trying to keep their budgets down. It all makes perfect sense — in a Birtian kind of way.

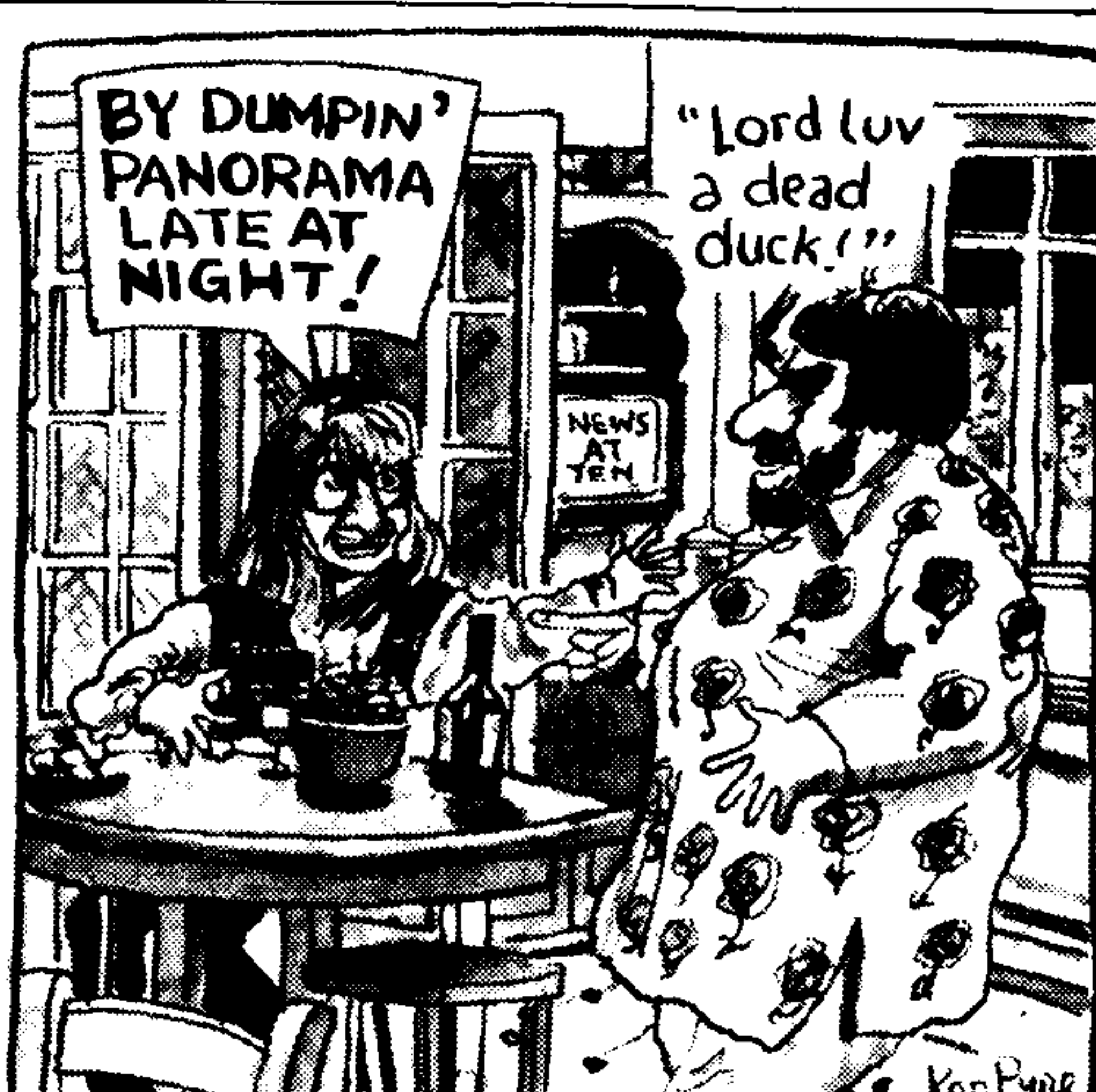
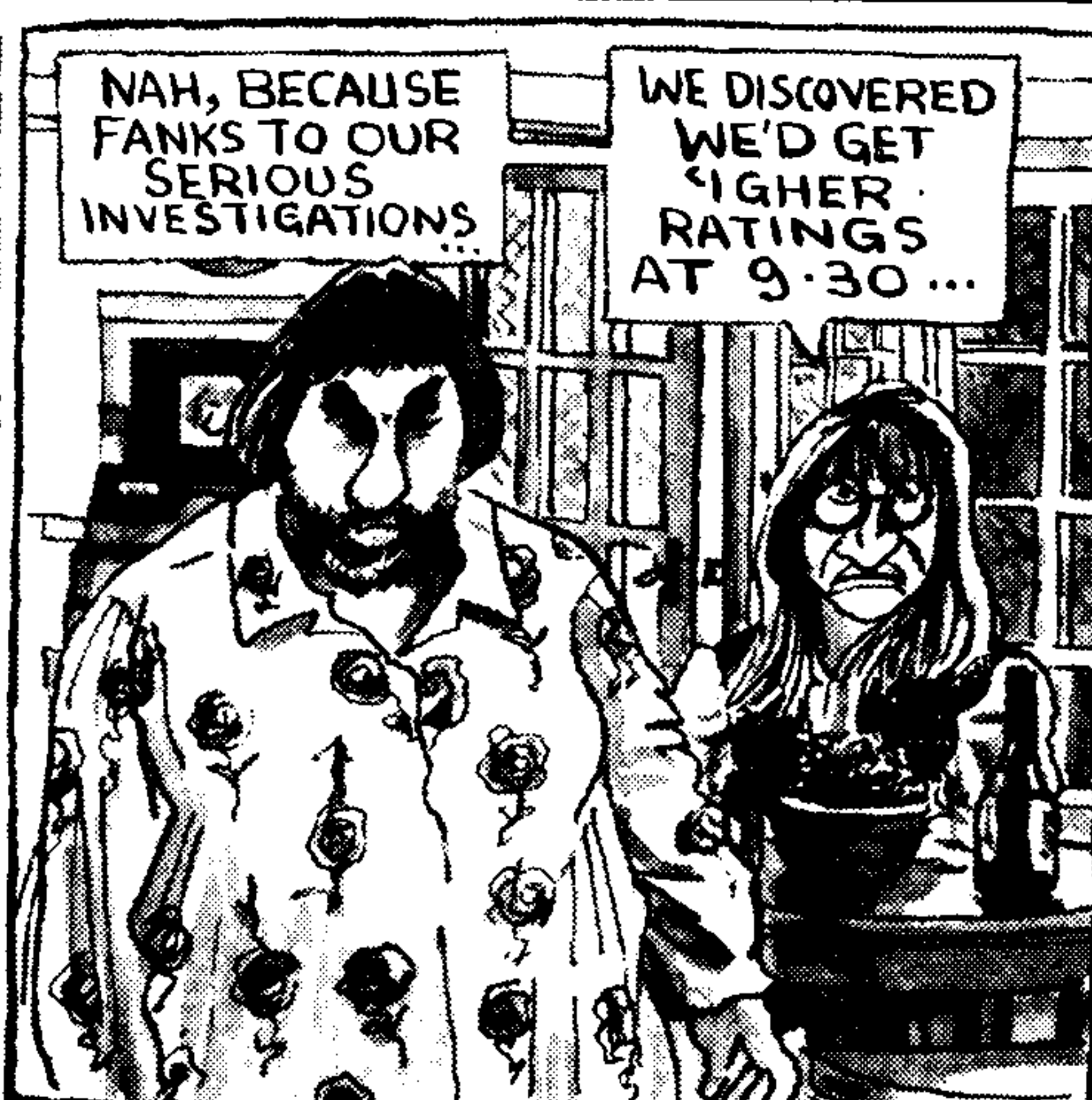
I-BSkyB

Besides, does the TV Top 30 really reflect what viewers watch? It's based on a sample of 4,500 homes, with a heavy bias to mortgaged, 2.4 children families. Millions are excluded — young flat-dwellers, students, fee dodgers. So viewing figures for telly the under-30s watch, from *Shooting Stars* to cult satellite shows are always down.

GARRY BUSHELL
The Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: F.H.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.



FILM NEWS

REPORTS on the much-delayed Titanic movie have tended to concentrate on director James Cameron's brutish behaviour to his cast, especially the winsome Kate Winslett. But 20th Century Fox isn't a happy ship either.

At US\$200m it is the most expensive film ever made (in today's money), and production finance came jointly from Viacom's Paramount subsidiary and News Corp's 20th Century Fox (prop: R. Murdoch). Cleverly, however, Paramount executives outfoxed those at News Corp by capping their share of the costs.

The film, which was due out in June, won't now be released until 19 December in America, and even later internationally. The full bill for the delay (due to insane and horribly expensive location excesses) will therefore fall on Fox and will run to at least \$20m, possibly much more.

Given James Cameron's reputation for cost over-runs on films like *Terminator 2* and *The Abyss*, Paramount's "escape clause" was only common sense. The fact that Murdoch (who takes a hands-on approach to his film interests) allowed his executives to sign such a disadvantageous contract suggests a certain loss of touch. Naturally, although Rupert's been happy in the past to take the credit for successes like *Independence Day*, he's not prepared to shoulder the blame when things go wrong. A mass clear-out of Fox executives is imminent.



"Let me through — I'm a sicko"

LUVVIES

Lloyd Webber recalls Close's reaction when he offered her the part of Desmond: "Glenn said to me, 'If I do this, I will be walking a tightrope and I would like you to walk that tightrope with me.' And that's what she did."

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
(on Glenn Close)
You Magazine

CONTRIBUTOR: F.H.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.



HACKWATCH

WILLIAM LEITH

"WILLIAM Leith came for an interview for *Tatler*," Anthony Powell writes in his latest volume of diaries, in an entry for 23 April 1990. "He proved quite bright and asked sensible questions."

Leith soon grew out of this silly youthful diligence. Why trek down to Somerset to interview an elderly novelist when you can turn your own humdrum life into a novel, dress it up as journalism and collect a huge pay-cheque? Soon afterwards, he decided to concentrate on what interested him most — himself.

The New Solipsism, as pioneered by Leith, has since spread through Fleet Street like Asian flu. At the *Observer* alone, readers are now forced to endure weekly wanks from Barbara Ellen (grumbling about her love life), Katherine Flett (grumbling about her ex-husband), Phil Hogan (grumbling about his wife and kids) — and of course Leith himself, the grandpa of the genre, still gazing at his hairy navel with undimmed fascination...

2 March: Leith's girlfriend has bought a puppy. "My world, of course, has changed totally. The first time I walked into the bedroom, and saw that there, on the rug beside the bed, was, in fact, some dog shit, I was stunned. I didn't know what to do with myself... There was no doubt about it. Dog shit was in the bedroom, lying there like an insult. How would I be able to walk into the room again?" On reflection, he realises that "I will have to stop worrying".

9 March: Leith has to file a travel piece to the *Observer* magazine. He decides to send it down a phone line via his modem. "I start up the computer and pick at my teeth while it boots up, while the little bits of text and pictures in boxes have their moment. I move the mouse around with my index finger..." And so on. Several hundred words later, Leith has managed to write an entire article about how he delivered an article. Postmodernist or what? Probably what.

16 March: "Once in a while, you use a word, and then, recoiling with horror, you realise that this was a bad word, a wrong word, a word that, so far, you have never allowed yourself to use." After many more paragraphs in this vein, he reveals that the word is "gardening". Leith now has a garden flat, you see. So he has been to a garden centre to buy some plants. And a trellis. "What," he wails, "have I become?"

30 March: Some genuine excitement at last. Leith and his girlfriend are having sex when the dog

barks at the bedroom door. "I think: somehow it has come to this. Moments after starting to have sex, we are now having a brisk, whispered argument about whether or not to let the dog in on the proceedings." He consoles himself by studying the "curvaceous figure" of his girlfriend. Afterwards, however, "I walk towards the sitting room with mixed feelings."

6 April: "Sunday. The phone rings. I am on my hands and knees, scrubbing dog shit off the carpet with a bristly brush." The caller is from a market-research company wanting to know if he's likely to book a holiday in the next 12 months. Leith says yes. "Some minutes later, the call ends." He returns to scrubbing the carpet.

20 April: Under pressure from his girlfriend, Leith tries his hand at housework. "I am standing in the bathroom, on the brink of doing a chore... On the floor of the bathroom is a bucket full of lukewarm water. Next to the bucket is a cloth. Beside the cloth is a squeezable yellow bottle... I slowly crouch down on all fours, and hold this position for a while, forlorn, staring into the bucket, my sense of futility building to a silent crescendo." Once he has recovered from this existential crisis, he decides to hire a cleaner.

27 April: Leith is in a bar with three women. "We were drinking wine. One of them went to the loo. 'It's horrible in there,' she said when she came back." Leith is shocked. "The notion of the ladies' loo, and the fact of it being horrible, and the ways in which it might be horrible, nagged at my brain." Eventually he asks the woman what was wrong with it. She explains that the loo-seat was dirty.

11 May: "There was, I suppose, a fateful day when, by my own actions, I ruined everything." It was the day of the cup final, when Leith and his girlfriend went to a chum's house to watch the game. He drank beer. He talked football with his mates. He ignored his girlfriend. She was none too pleased. Er, that's it.

1 June: "I'm walking through the perfume section of Dickins and Jones, a large department store in London, looking for a bottle of perfume to buy as a present for my girlfriend, when a disturbing thought occurs to me. I don't know which brand of perfume she uses. I did know. I used to know. But somehow I've forgotten." Thus begins a lengthy feature for the *Observer's* Life magazine. Three thousand words later, with much effort, he remembers: "It is Safari, by Ralph Lauren." Meanwhile, back at his regular column, Leith is in bed again. "When I wake, oddly early, an elusive thought, one I must write down immediately or perhaps forget for ever, is running through my mind." Then it comes back to him. He got drunk last night, much to his girlfriend's annoyance. He has a hangover. The elusive thought was: "I am going to stop drinking."

Will he also stop writing columns about it — and about his dog, his girlfriend and his bathroom floor? No chance: a guy's got to earn a living, and it certainly beats working.

FUNNY BUSINESS AGE

UNDAUNTED by the failure of his *Sunday Business* newspaper, would-be media mogul Tom Rubythorn is poised to relaunch one of his previous publications, *Business Age*. It will, he promises, be a crusading, investigative magazine devoted to exposing corruption and skulduggery.

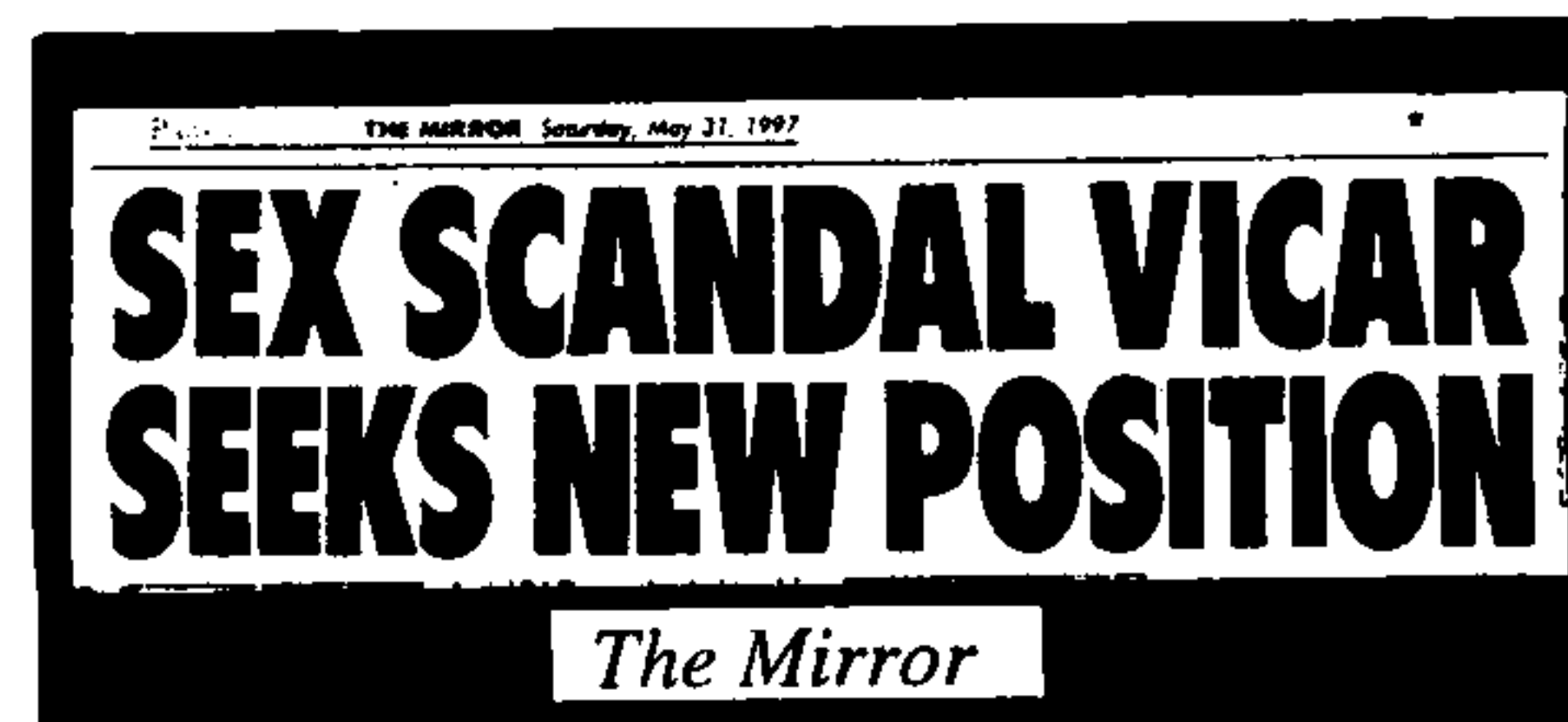
A glance at the staff list reveals several people who know a thing or two about law-breaking — including Anil Bhoyrul, editor, James Hipwell, deputy editor, and the Hon. Charlie Kerr, publisher. These three rough diamonds, who were also involved in the launch of *Sunday Business*, are no strangers to the Metropolitan police.

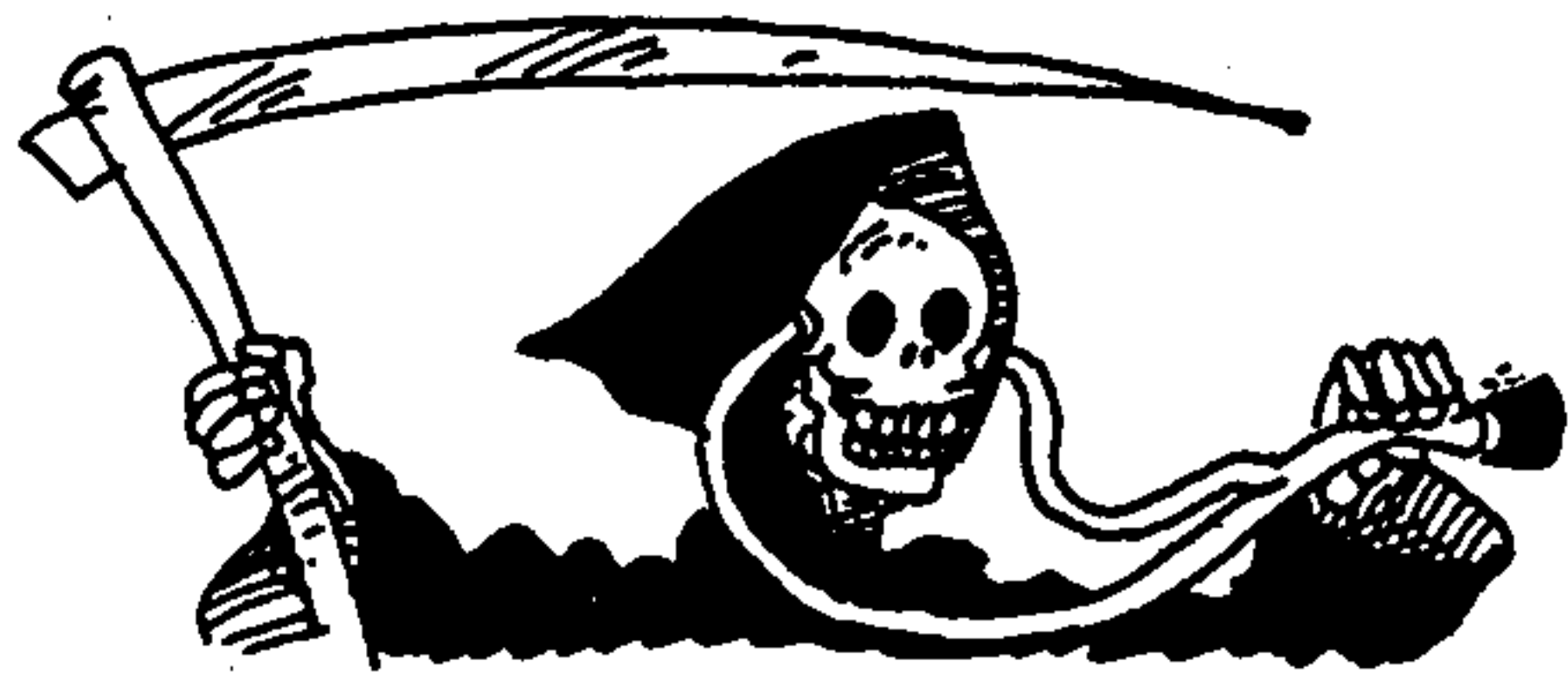
Last Christmas Bhoyrul and Kerr were arrested at Regent's Park zoo in the early hours of the morning while attempting to steal an Arctic penguin. Although Bhoyrul claimed it was his first offence, Charlie Kerr — the son and heir to Lord Teviot — had been fingered for an identical crime some years earlier. On that occasion, the Hon. Charlie had hidden the penguin at his flat, where it lived in the bath for a week on a diet of fishfingers before he decided to return it to the zoo.

Hipwell's record is equally impressive. Some 13 years ago, he broke into a south London police

station on Christmas Eve — while the rozzers were distracted by festive celebrations — and stole a sergeant's jacket and hat from a locker. When a constable caught up with him a few minutes later, Hipwell pointed to the three stripes on his own uniform and tried to pull rank on the lowly arresting officer. For his pains, he was then banged up in the cells for the rest of the night and most of Christmas Day.

A minor offence, perhaps — certainly when compared with the exploits of *Business Age's* largest shareholder, Owen Oyston, who has invested £200,000 in the venture. Oyston, currently serving a six-year sentence for rape and indecent assault, will also be a regular contributor, penning editorials from his cell in Preston. His first offering, apparently, is to be a hard-hitting attack on the record of Ann Widdecombe and Michael Howard at the home office, with particular reference to prisons.





DOING THE ROUNDS

New Rounds, Old Racism

IN 1993 Drs Sam Everington and Aneez Esmail, both GPs, were arrested and charged with fraud by Hendon police. Their "crime" was that the year before they had sent fake applications to junior hospital doctor posts, identical in all but surname. Half were Asian, half were Anglo-Saxon. The latter were twice as likely to be offered an interview.

When the case reached the crown prosecution service, it was swiftly dropped. The General Medical Council suggested the research was unprofessional, which infuriated the pair so much they decided to investigate the GMC's disciplinary procedures. They discovered that the GMC was six times more likely to discipline an ethnic minority doctor than a white doctor.

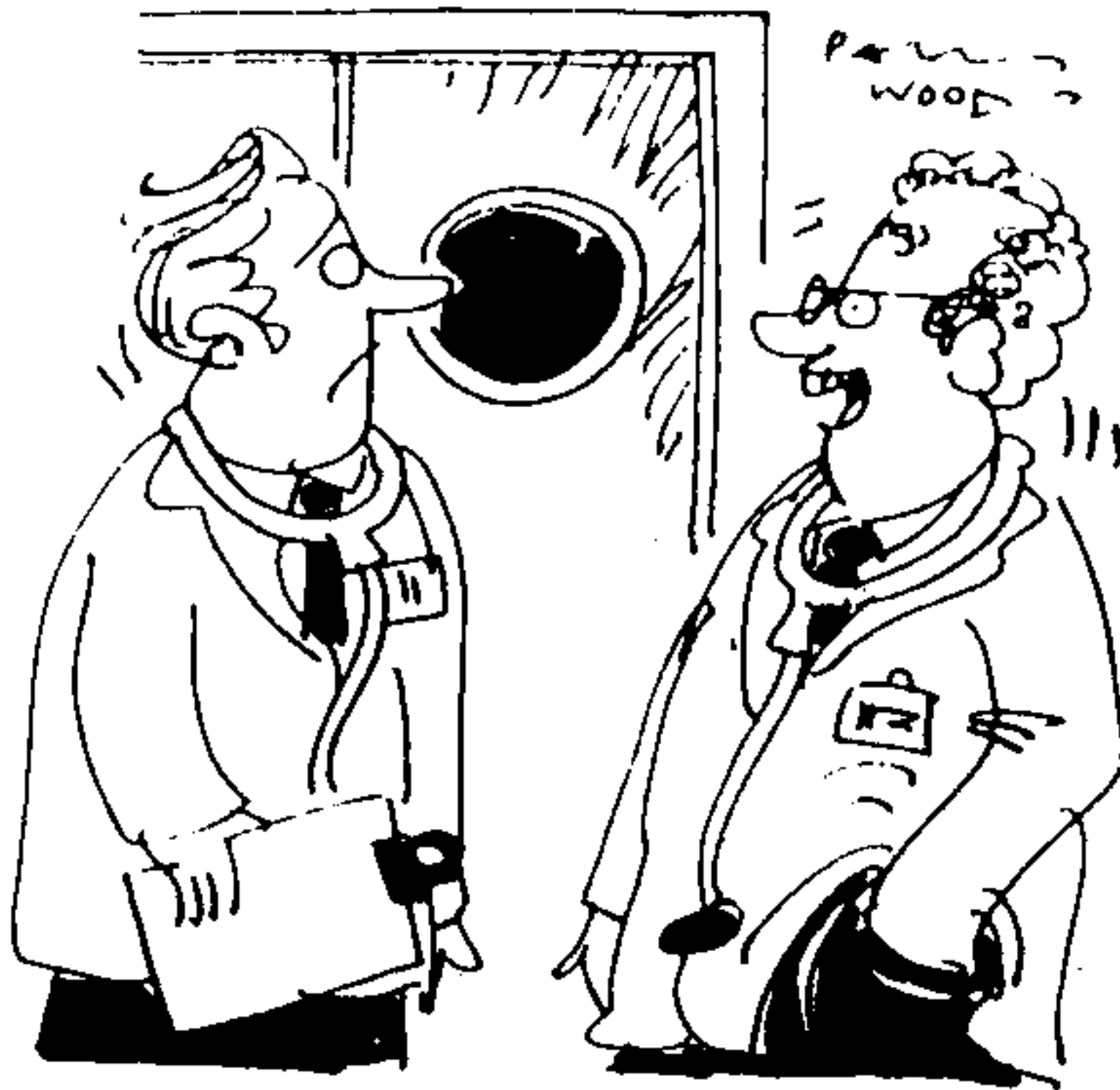
This was not, as was widely reported, due to a persecution of ethnic minority doctors — the "serious professional misconduct" charge is generally reserved for sex with patients, substance abuse and slaughter — and all of those who incur it generally have a case to answer. What it revealed is that white doctors are far more likely to get away with misconduct. Testicles and an old school tie are also an advantage.

This research led to an internal inquiry within the GMC and a number of racial awareness reforms. The NHS Executive reorganised its "equal opportunities unit" to "break down the barriers to racial advancement in the NHS". And it needs to: 23 percent of all NHS hospital doctors are from ethnic minorities, yet only a handful reach consultant grade; while 69 percent of staff grade posts (the consultants' skivvies) have non-Anglo Saxon occupants.

This February's BMA conference on racism in the NHS was full of such stories. Everington and Esmail's 1994 research into applications to medical school suggests that the problem starts early. The worst offender was found to be St Andrew's medical school, where a white applicant was 5.4 times more likely to be offered a place than a non-white student. Discrimination was UK wide, with top offenders being the Royal London (3.02); Belfast (2.83); Birmingham (2.54); Glasgow (2.39); Nottingham (2.28); Wales (2.18); St Mary's (2.14);

Cambridge (2.12); the Royal Free (2.08); Charring Cross/Westminster (2.02); and St George's (2.02).

The figures were criticised for only providing a snapshot and for over-simplification. Ethnic minority students with three Grade A A levels were less likely to be discriminated against, but if you were mediocre you were far better off being white (and male, etc). This year, however, Everington and Esmail have been contacted by three Asian students, all of whom secured three Grade As and had done work experience in hospitals to demonstrate their commitment. None was offered a place at medical school, which has prompted the doctors to write to headmasters advising them of which medical schools to direct non-white students towards, and which to avoid.



"I'm a plastic surgeon, I only operate after I've seen their credit card"

UCCA, the university entrance organisation, has collected this information for the last nine years but has refused to publish it. Many medical schools strongly refute that they have a racist admission policy and yet don't publish any selection criteria at all. It's all done on a whim. The research has also proved that headteachers who know the system and have strong links with medical schools are far more likely to have successful students. For those that don't, paying for professional advice in the preparation of the application is worthwhile, but beyond the pocket of many families.

Discrimination occurring higher up is down to the prejudice of individual consultants. Last month, Everington and Esmail published a repeat experiment of their bogus application study for senior house officer posts in a variety of hospital specialities and GP training schemes. Five years on, and despite many assurances from the profession's leaders that racism was being stamped out, little has changed: 36 percent of the Asian candidates were shortlisted, compared to 52 percent of the Caucasians. Success, skin colour and surname remain inextricably linked.

M.D.

Free-range and additive-free meats available.

All Beef from BSE-free Orkney herbs

Highbury Festival programme

DOWN ON THE FARM

PROF John Pattison, erstwhile head of the Spongiform Encephalopathy Advisory Committee (SEAC), which advises the government on the risk of BSE transmission to humans, has made an announcement.

According to the professor, it is now unlikely an epidemic of "new" variant CJD will break out. Projections of 100,000-plus cases over the next 25 years are seen as unrealistic and Pattison puts the eventual figure at 200 cases and, even then, he is probably over-estimating. This backtracking received almost no coverage in the press.

Compare and contrast, therefore, the reaction of the general media to the even more recent suggestion from SEAC of a "theoretical" risk of CJD transmission from BSE-infected sheep. Despite there being no evidence of any sheep having naturally acquired BSE; nor any evidence that any such transmission can affect humans; and now no evidence that there is likely to be any CJD epidemic from a much larger number of BSE-infected cattle — much less lambs — new agricultural minister Jack Cunningham has rushed to protect public health and maintain "consumer confidence". It comes to something when his new slaughter policy for affected sheep even had Sir David Naish, the National Farmers' Union supremo, cheerfully admitting that it was "not needed".

Still less needed is the law requiring carcasses to be split in the slaughterhouse, and the removal of spinal cords. This will cause consternation among lamb processors, as most abattoirs are geared only to producing whole lambs, and will achieve no measurable public health improvement. But if spending millions on protecting us from "theoretical" risks is to be the touchstone of "new" Labour food policy, perhaps Cunningham could also protect us from the "theoretical" risk of chronic poisoning from organophosphorus (OP) pesticide residues in food, by banning the use of OPs in agriculture. Or would that be going too far?

'New Muckspreader'

SLICED HAM WITH
VEGETARIAN CHEDDAR
CROISSANT

Food label



SIGNAL FAILURES

Focus on Railtrack

FOLLOWING public disgust at Railtrack's financial results, two questions arise.

Why should a private monopoly, subsidised via train operators with vast sums of taxpayers' money, simply pass it on to its shareholders? And why is the company, now in private ownership for a year, able to extract bigger profits while doing nothing to grow its business?

Railtrack tried to soften the news of its 27 percent profits rise, to £346m, by citing the billions it is spending on track, signal and station renewals. Essentially, though, this is the spending needed to keep the railway in a steady state, and Railtrack adopts the amazing attitude that it is up to the train operating companies to create growth in its business. Perhaps Railtrack shareholders will ask their directors why Railtrack is the only large company in Britain that does not apparently need to grow.

More than 90 percent of the monopoly's income comes from charges to train operators for use of tracks and stations, yet the organisation is not interested in raising income by selling more track slots or "paths". Brian Mellitt, director of engineering and production, was asked by the Chartered Institute of Transport what Railtrack could do to encourage the growth of services.

Railtrack was so devoid of ideas that Mellitt responded: "We can sell more paths, obviously, but that is a matter for the train operating companies to approach us. We are committed to reducing our maintenance costs." So it is for operators to ask Railtrack whether they can pay Railtrack more money, and not for Railtrack to initiate ways of growing the rail business and offer attractive deals for under-used tracks.

Railtrack gets away with this approach — for now — because of its monopoly. But it is likely to trigger tighter regulation and quite possibly make it liable to the windfall tax on utilities. A 27 percent increase in profits might be palatable if it were accompanied by a 27 percent rise in income and a corresponding increase in investment; but the current situation is guaranteed to send John Prescott, transport secretary, into apoplexy.

A sign of Railtrack's commitment to not growing its business is the recent kicking out of some managers who had started to build relationships with

customers (train operators and development partners such as local authorities). The most notable was Michael Howells, formerly commercial director. The boss of English, Welsh and Scottish Railways says he is upset by the departure because Howells "was very much oriented towards customers".

Other heads to roll include Railtrack's account managers for Thames Trains, South Wales and West Railway and Regional Railways North East. Psychometric tests apparently showed they had the wrong personalities for their jobs. At least one of them believes he is a victim of moves to concentrate power at the centre and stop managers spending time on anything more visionary than managing existing contracts. Railtrack says this is a management reorganisation but admits some posts have yet to be refilled.

Mellitt's reply was no slip of the tongue. If anything, it *understates* Railtrack's philosophy. Planned new train services, which would generate extra income for minimal Railtrack outlay, have been abandoned because Railtrack was so stand-offish (see Eye 902), its behaviour akin to a supermarket charging entry fees. Railtrack even stands aloof from major train operators who want to run more frequent trains, and the rail regulator, among others, is concerned at its apathy towards investing in the infrastructure needed for such improvements.

'Dr B. Ching'

Rotten Boroughs

Kent

FEW Tories were celebrating after 1 May, but the party did regain Kent county council with a huge majority of one.

Having always insisted in opposition that the council had perfectly adequate funding, the Tories must now deal with the financial problems for real. And they have made a splendid start.

All financial support for students attending further education colleges has been cancelled at a stroke. All discretionary awards for students on non-undergraduate courses have also been cancelled. Attacks on school transport, libraries, museums and social services are expected to follow.

Happily, the salary of chief executive Paul Sabin seems safe. He earns a whopping £200,000 a year, and one of his main achievements has been to turn Maidstone county hall into a super corporate-style headquarters. The building has been expensively refurbished with thick carpets, wood panelling and fine paintings, etc; and senior executives enjoy the best food and (with county councillors) the finest wines. Since 1987 a head office establishment has been created of more than 500 — all concerned with policy and procedures and, er, more policy and procedures.

Junkets of the Week

LAMBETH chief executive Heather Rabbatts has been on an all-expenses paid jaunt to South Africa advising the government there on how local authorities should be run.

Rabbatts enjoyed the freebie, while on leave, thanks to the Society of Local Authority Chief Executives (SOLACE), whom she represented due to her success tackling problems of Lambeth (*Shurely shome mishtake?*)

Meanwhile Marketing Manchester, the high-spending quango funded by the area's mainly Labour councils, is organising a £15,000 junket in which leaders of 10 district councils will visit Chalon Sur Saone in France to learn how to run a street festival. It would of course be much cheaper simply to walk down Castlefield, in Manchester city centre where there is a street festival most summer weekends.

Murkeyside

LIVERPOOL councillors opening their official mail recently found something interesting in it for a change: a poison pen letter denouncing council leader Frank Prendergast and his deputy Marie McGiveron as inarticulate political thugs.

The letter, said to be from a Tony Blair supporter in the local party, also accused Prendergast of supping with the old devil Derek Hatton — a claim Degsy's solicitor has denounced as "false and defamatory".

Prendergast was elected party leader last year by one vote, but has since increased his influence and successfully seen off another challenge from Labour modernisers in May.

Though he said publicly he intended to call in police over the poison pen letter, they say no official complaint has been made. But he himself, meanwhile, is having legal difficulties elsewhere. He is

being sued for slander by Liverpool Lib Dem councillor Flo Clucas, whom he called a liar on Radio Merseyside.

Coincidentally, Prendergast is being represented in this matter by solicitors from Bermans, whose offices in Dale Street, near the town hall, have been loaned free of charge to the council's film unit. The council has pledged to spend £41,000 improving the offices from which Bermans will benefit once the lease is up.

Perks of the Job

THE Lib Dems on Berkshire county council — who spent £150,000 on a futile survival bid — are determined to enjoy their last year of existence before they are replaced by six new unitary authorities.

Leader Bob Mowatt has raised the budget for councillors' special responsibility allowances from £86,000 to £100,000; while new council chairman Ann Risman's first act has been to reintroduce free wine — hic — at meetings.

In the Reading East constituency, meanwhile — where the last *Eye* noted how Jane Griffiths, the new Labour MP, has hired her live-in partner Andrew Tattersall as a researcher using her £48,000-a-year office allowance — the pair are seeing a lot of each other.

Griffiths remains a borough councillor, as does Tattersall, which means both are still claiming their £3,000-a-year council allowances. But it would be mean to begrudge the happy couple when you look at Reading's other councillors. Griffiths is the only member for Abbey Ward without a recent sex conviction. Coun Tony Page has one for gross indecency and Coun Mohammed Iqbal one for indecent assault.

Welwyn Hatfield

A SECRET inquiry by the internal audit team at Labour-controlled Welwyn has uncovered details of financial favours meted out to Ray Little, the council's former leader.

Little was forced to resign last year when the council lost a £50m court case after reneging on a deal with property company Slough Estates (*Eyes passim*). At the same time Little's hardware firm ran into debt (all the Tory government's fault, apparently), and he approached housing director Allan Gray for help.

Gray arranged for a mortgage rescue package on Little's Hatfield home, and then arranged for a housing association, Aldwick, to buy the property for £75,000 (not a knockdown price) on the understanding that it would come with vacant possession. It didn't. No sooner had Aldwick bought the house than it was occupied by — you guessed it — Ray Little.

Since there was only £25,000 left on the mortgage, Little received a lump sum of £50,000, which helped pay off his business debts. Averting bankruptcy court also meant Little could continue as a councillor.

The records show Little went on the housing waiting list on 16 August 1993 — the day the sale was completed. As the report indicates, this does look a little, ahem, "contrived". Strangely, other documents which might shed more light on this fascinating story of a council's generosity of spirit to one of its own have now gone missing from the town hall. How odd.

Pseud's Corner



Beans explosion: Beanz meanz art for student Lucy Howell when she put on a one day exhibition. Lucy, 22, poured 60 cans of baked beans onto an orange plastic sheet to make it impossible for anyone to get into the room where the show was held. The idea was to put the world of advertising under the spotlight. Lucy, a graphic design student in her final year at the Wolverhampton University's school of art and design, said: "I wanted to explore the frustration caused by advertising and the mass media."

Shropshire Star

In his search for an understanding of the possible forms of textual resistance to interpretation which inform the vitality of literature, film and art, Julian Wolfreys analyses the various rhetorical strategies of a wide range of diverse texts to suggest the possibilities of imagining an unimaginable, unprogrammable theory of affirmative resistance.

Macmillan's flyer for "The Rhetoric of Affirmative Resistances"

Baudelaire said that cities change more quickly than the hearts of the people in them. That isn't true anymore. People must adapt with ever-increasing speed to the metropolis where the concept of time is dissolving and the borders between work and play become harder to define. City dwellers need more support in every way. For one thing, they need to feel comfortable in their shoes to meet the challenges of the day. Camper can help because we turn technology to human ends. We understand that to run is not always to go quickly. A Camper Urban Shoe.

Extract from "Camper" shoebox

The third, non-soup, first course recalled the early years of English nouvelle cuisine which were also the early Thatcher years when tomorrow's waiter was a freshly elected alumnus of Lord Rothschild's thinktank. It was a terrine of boiled chicken, foie gras, aborted leeks and carrots. You might say that it represented in its first component Thatch's philo-Semitism, in its second her implicit sanctioning of luxury, in its third her social liberalism. Beyond that it was slithy and tasted cleaned, as though every ingredient had been subjected to gastro-Brobat.

The Times Magazine

Ways are being explored of extending existing treatments of choice under uncertainty to allow greater flexibility in the specification of the behavioural process, in particular to take account of subjectivity in the perception of probability and non-linearities in disutility.

Extract from Traffic Engineering and Control

I sleep naked as I don't possess pyjamas or underpants. I don't have a use for them, because I dispute the idea that human beings are not perfect and that we leak and smell bad... I became a vegetarian after Oa was born, as his birth made me realise how powerless I was to protect his life completely. And by extension, to eat a cow's child is a form of racism similar to Nazism... Every morning I indulge in a meticulous ceremony. If it's disrupted, my creative energy short-circuits.

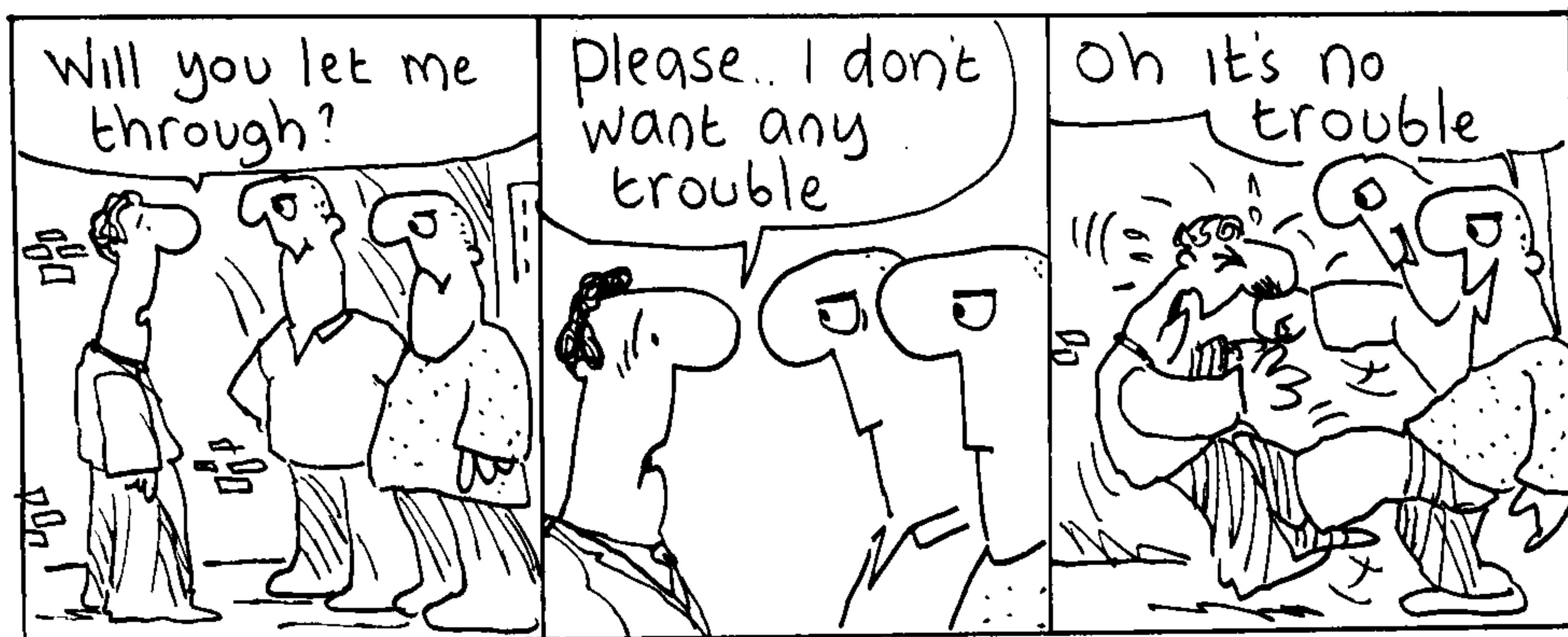
PHILIPPE STARCK
Sunday Times Magazine

CONTRIBUTORS: Neil Halliday, Ian Davison, Tony Barrell, Gerald Milsom, Frank Nunneley, Mrs J Weston Davies.

£10 paid for entries



HUSBAND



NOOKS and CORNERS

HIS grace the Duke of Marlborough has decided to enhance the amenity of his estate at Blenheim, granted to his family by a grateful nation for beating the Frogs, by allowing Messrs Mercury to erect a mast just outside Wooton, four-times voted Oxfordshire's best kept village, and a conservation area.

This will be an 80ft-high lattice structure ornamented by at least six antennae and four microwave dishes, so making it the modern High Tec equivalent to the columns, obelisks and chimneys raised by the genius of Sir John Vanbrugh three centuries ago.

Who could possibly object to such a thing? It is necessary, after all, so that Mercury can extend its "One 2 One" mobile phone system, and it is clearly in the national interest that people with nothing to say should be able to look important by making telephone calls in the street or while driving with one hand and causing road traffic accidents.

Eight thousand cellphone masts have already been raised by Mercury and the other companies, and another 4,000 are planned. Many are installed inside existing tall structures or otherwise camouflaged, but at Wooton Mercury is rejecting such timid deceptions and making a bold contemporary statement instead.

His grace is very happy to grant a lease to build the thing. All that is now required is planning permission. So what, I wonder, will the new masters at the department of the environment make of such an application. Will "new" Labour honour its commitment to protect what is left of rural England? Or will it pander to those hordes of "new" Labour voters who love to use their mobile phones?

DECLINING congregations, even redundancy, let alone enemy or terrorist bombs, are the least of threats to fine old church buildings. The chief danger, as always, is the clergy, whether happy-clappy or otherwise, who decide that the churches in their charge are simply not important, that beauty is a snare and a delusion. Better to preach the faith in a barn or a scout hut.

This is clear from the sad case of St Patrick's, Hove, which is currently threatened with destructive mutilation. Now St Patrick's is not a great building. Designed in Gothic by H.E. Kendall, architect of the Brentwood Lunatic Asylum, it was built in 1857-58 in ragstone. But the interior is redeemed by the later furnishings: a pulpit by Scott, a lectern by Butterfield and, in the chancel, a reredos by Somers Clark and splendid wall decorations by Clayton & Bell dating from 1890-91.

St Patrick's is not redundant. But, as it stands in the Brunswick district of Hove which is one of the most under-privileged parts of the diocese of Chichester, the incumbent, Canon Alan Sharpe, has dedicated the church to tackling social problems among the homeless and others in need. Back in 1993 he converted the narthex into a night shelter with accommodation. Now he wants to make the "eastern" parts of the interior — chancel, chapel and south transept — into an even larger night shelter, leaving only five of the six bays of the nave for worship by the parish.

This will mean the mutilation of the most interesting, numinous and beautiful parts of the building — with the removal of fine furnishings and the destruction of the wall painting. While not objecting in principle to the conversion or adaptation of old church buildings, this scheme has been strongly condemned by the Victorian Society, the Ancient Monuments Society and by SAVE Britain's Heritage.

As the Council for the Care of Churches puts it: "This is a case where pastoral and aesthetic considerations seem hard to reconcile." But one way of doing this — as the council recommends — is to keep the beautiful chancel for worship and convert the much less interesting nave and aisles. Why not?

'Piloti'

Private Eye

Letters

Horny-handed compliment

Sir,

I refer you to The New Boys: 1 — Stephen Twigg (EYE 924) where your august journal comments, and I quote: "...that unites him and fellow NUS groupies and New Labour MPs such as Lorna Fitzsimons... is their... utter contempt for the horny-handed sons and daughters of toil who built Old Labour".

Now knowing that Old (real!) Labour was brought about by horny-handed trade unionists, I must ask if this is the same Lorna Fitzsimons whose amazing electoral victory was brought about in no small part by some of the very same horny-handed trade unionists, namely the Communication Workers Union. The CWU it was who helped finance, run and provide a photocopier/laser printer, etc, to mount her successful challenge.

Is this the same woman? Is this the "new" hypocrisy of Tony Blair's political machine? I think we need to know.

Yours sincerely,
JERRY BROOKES,

Manchester Engineering Branch, CWU.

Smooth operator

Sir,

Your focus on Great North Eastern Railway is hardly rational or fair, not that that's every stopped you in the past.

What is inherently bad about a railway company starting a feeder bus service to help fill its trains? Isn't that the kind of "integrated transport system" that armchair pundits claim this country needs? If that bus happens to compete with another rail company's trains, is that such a bad thing? The service level on the competing route is fixed by the rail regulator. If passengers prefer GNER's bus, then it is the other train operator that suffers; the public has a choice of services.

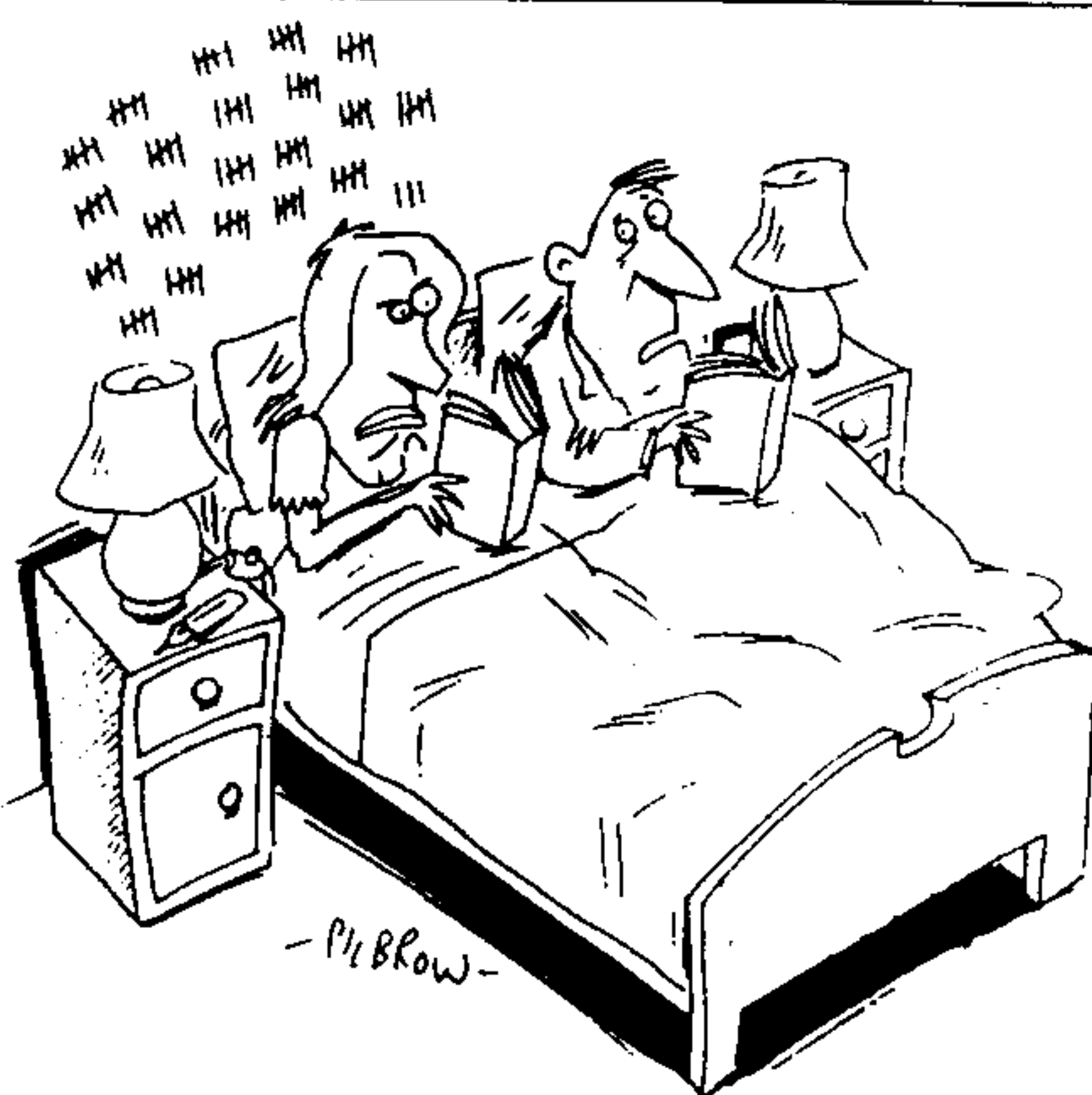
Why should GNER employ another company's drivers if it can manage with its own? Train drivers have been notoriously under-employed in the past, which is one of the reasons they became such a Bolshie breed. If it makes commercial sense to send them 100 miles in a car, then why not?

Regarding the wearing of uniform: if GNER can make its staff look smarter than the average BR employee it will have achieved an even more impressive feat than if it can make its trains run on time.

And finally, closing Welwyn North, a very small station located at a bottle-neck on a very congested route, does make some sense to all the train operators, and the vast majority of passengers — not that you bothered to explain any of this in your previous article. In all, your whingeing about the private rail operators has taken over from the DAILY MAIL's bleating about BR in former days: ill-informed, mean-spirited and served with a great dollop of prejudice.

Yours sincerely,
NICK THOMPSON,

Cambridge.



"Do you think this marriage will last?"

A real Burma

Sir,

The shortcomings of the Great North Eastern Railway (EYE 925) do not end with those listed by Dr B. Ching. For its parent company Sea Containers is an enthusiastic investor in Burma, despite the international campaign to isolate the murderous despotism there. Letters to Sea Containers on the subject receive no reply. Meanwhile the phrase "Burma Death Railway" takes on new connotations...

Yours faithfully,
SIMON BRADLEY,

London SE1.

Islington counsel

Sir,

Our recent appearance in Rotten Boroughs is a classic example of not letting the facts get in the way of filling a space with black dots.

Fact: Mr Rosenbaum has already lost his case at an industrial tribunal, he has been given leave to appeal and the council is not dreading this.

Fact: He was not one of the whistleblowers, check with the EVENING STANDARD.

Fact: Past and present social workers and anyone else have a duty to bring any information they have to the attention of the police, the department of health, the NSPCC and our chief social services officer.

Fact: The White report did not find any evidence of a paedophile ring. Twenty two individuals were identified in a confidential annexe to the report. The names were passed to the police and the Department of Health (DoH) and the DoH have placed 12 new people on their register.

Fact: This council wrote to all local authorities in the country offering to check their staff against the names in the White report.

Fact: A recent audit of our children's homes by the NSPCC found no evidence of abuse by staff.

Fact: The NSPCC have appointed an Islington children's rights officer as part of the safeguards we have introduced for children looked after by Islington council.

Yours faithfully,
J. POWELL,

Head of Communications, Islington council.

Lookalike



Barbara



Eddie

Sir,

Has anyone noticed how Tony Blair has rewarded the "Luvvies for Labour" tendency by making top comedian and transvestite Eddie Izzard a junior trade minister? Either that, or Mr Izzard bears a startling resemblance to Barbara Roche MP. I wonder if they could be related? etc.

Yours,
ANDY ROBERTS,

Cardiff.

Backtracking on track record

Sir,

Congratulations on printing the scandalous story of Bradford council's decision to make public the names of those who would dare question the way their council tax is spent (EYE 924).

However, you make the mistake of claiming this has the backing of all main parties. I can assure you, as leader of the Liberal Democrat group in Bradford, that our party did not and does not support this infringement of civil liberties.

Yours faithfully,
CLLR JEANETTE SUNDERLAND,
Liberal Democrat Group, City of Bradford MDC.

I-SPY Douglas, Isle of Man



Submitted by Haydn E. Brickell. £10 paid for similar submissions. (SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

College knowledge

Sir,
You have recently featured a number of stories about wicked college principals introducing new contracts for lecturers that reduce their holidays from 13 weeks per year and make timetabling more flexible.

It might be a touch more fair if you revealed that they are forced to do so. It is a condition of government funding for all colleges that such contracts are introduced and not a single college in the country has been able to give pay rises to old contract staff. But then why blame the real culprits in the treasury when you can have a go at the managers who have to make their policies work locally?

It is also the case that in most colleges the majority of staff have moved over to the new contracts and are therefore carrying a significantly greater teaching load than their colleagues who insist on remaining on the old inflexible contracts.

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL BLAGDEN,

Principal and Chief Executive, Southgate College, London N14.

Tune in...

Sir,
Why oh why is everyone so upset about the TELETUBBIES — including your esteemed organ? The received wisdom is that the programme doesn't contain appropriate use of language and is the creation of a drug-induced trip, quite unlike anything produced in the good old days (qv BILL AND BEN and THE MAGIC ROUNDOUBT).

Less emphasis has been given to the two other reasons for so much hostility. Firstly, the middle classes are very uncomfortable about sticking their children in front of the television for half an hour while they put up their feet and read the GUARDIAN! If the programme is dull, worthy and educational (with a capital E), they don't have to feel guilty. Secondly, the current orthodoxy is that fun and

learning are totally incompatible. Shock! Horror! TELETUBBIES appears to be dangerously child-centred and two year olds seem to thoroughly enjoy it.

Time for parents (and Couch Potato) to lighten up, I think.

Yours, an unrepentant fan,
M. SAWYER,

London NW6.

Doing it with Mirrors

Sir,
Upon reading in your latest Street of Shame that the MIRROR had used "Vote for them" as its election day headline, I couldn't help but think that Piers "Boy" Morgan and friends had done even less work on that issue than your publication gave them credit for.

As a media studies A level student, I was made to watch the documentary THE MIRROR EFFECT earlier this year in which the demise of the MIRROR as a "quality" paper was lamented by a former, no doubt embittered, editor whose name escapes me.

Anyway, amid laments of a decline into trivia, sleaze, etc, there were examples of MIRROR stories in its supposed heyday. Most notably, the papers election day front page in 1945 under the headline — yes, "Vote for them". Coincidentally, 1945 was the last time, pre '97, that Labour got in with a landslide, was it not? They didn't try very hard that day, did they?

Yours,
Ms. C. BLASE,

Stockport, Cheshire.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

Presenter: So, you haven't won the TV then, but what would you have done with it?

Member of audience: Er... watched it.

Channel 5
(Jonathan Dinkeldein)

"This runner is 87 years old — he'll remember this day for a long time!"

DAVID COLEMAN, BBC1
(Don Hurley)

"The single most important two things we can do..."

TONY BLAIR, BBC1
(Stewart B. Reith)

"I don't want to cut anybody else's nose off to spite our face."

ABCTV Australia
(A. Powell)

"Can you imagine the amount of money the first successful woman in Formula One will make? She'd have endorsements coming out of every orifice!"

JOHN INVERDALE, Radio 5
(Graham Figg)



Letter from Lagos

from Our Own Correspondent

It's unspeakable, in this day and age, for a legitimate government in Africa to be overthrown by a bunch of mutinous soldiers. That was the verdict of our rulers on events in Sierra Leone.

Here in Nigeria there's nothing we don't know about democracy — or efforts to destroy it. It was our leader, General Sani Abacha, who announced the overthrow of our last elected president, Shehu Shagari, in 1983. As defence minister ten years later, he saved us from the perils of an elected, constitutional government by seizing power himself.

What the man who won that poll, Chief Moshood Abiola, makes of recent events is unclear. He has been in detention for the past two years awaiting a trial that is certain never to begin.

Chief Tom Ikimi, our foreign minister fronting the stout defence of our brave actions in Sierra Leone, led the very party that was heading for defeat at those elections in 1993. Rejected by the ballot box, his political career was rescued by our khaki boys looking to co-opt a civilian heavyweight.

Not that he knows what we will do if we succeed in restoring the hopelessly ineffectual man Sierra Leoneans were foolish enough to elect last year. The troops we sent on a short, sharp mission to restore law and order to Liberia in 1990 are still there. With rebels, militias and now mutinous soldiers roaming the Sierra Leonean countryside, we fear for another long stay.

Perhaps our role in helping you British and the Americans to leave before the carnage began will persuade you to show us more understanding. Certainly we hope for more than petty criticism of our financial policies which Washington recently called "hopeless, intransigent, unreasonable and outrageous".

We also trust you will finally understand the folly of your hostile policies regarding our heroic efforts at advancing towards democracy. In the last month alone Libya's Muammar Gaddafi and the Chinese prime minister Li Peng have called to embrace General Abacha warmly.

We did in fact hold elections in March. They proved so popular that turn-out in some areas was more than 100 percent. Our political parties have such faith in the military that the five we have permitted to compete for power all canvassed for Abacha to stay on in the job after the proposed handover to civilians in October next year.

It is also ages since we executed anybody. We have even released a few journalists and allowed Chief Abiola to be seen by his doctor in prison.

In fact, as our suave, urbane information minister Walter Ofonagoro will tell anyone who cares to listen, with our two million barrels of oil a day, placing us at number seven in the top ten producers in the world, we really have no interest in your approval or otherwise. And we rather doubt our new friends in Paris or Beijing will back calls from some of your hotheads for an embargo on our oil, the only sanctions which might hit us where it really hurts. Those we have helped install in power in neighbouring Commonwealth countries are eager also to display their appreciation for our foresight and magnanimity. Our gratitude also goes to India for providing us with 1,500 military vehicles this month.

That most of our people are unemployed and hungry; that our clinics and schools are in so woeful of a state that spending per year on a primary school student works out at the equivalent of the cost of one pencil, are not issues. The only people more corrupt than our soldiers are our politicians, for whom government is merely a convenient mechanism for institutionalised theft.

Two years ago it was revealed that \$12bn of Gulf War windfall oil profits had disappeared from a central bank account to which only the then head of state and the bank governor had access. Sadly there is no Nelson Mandela or Laurent Kabila waiting in our bulging prisons to mobilise a cynical and demoralised population.

HOM SAP

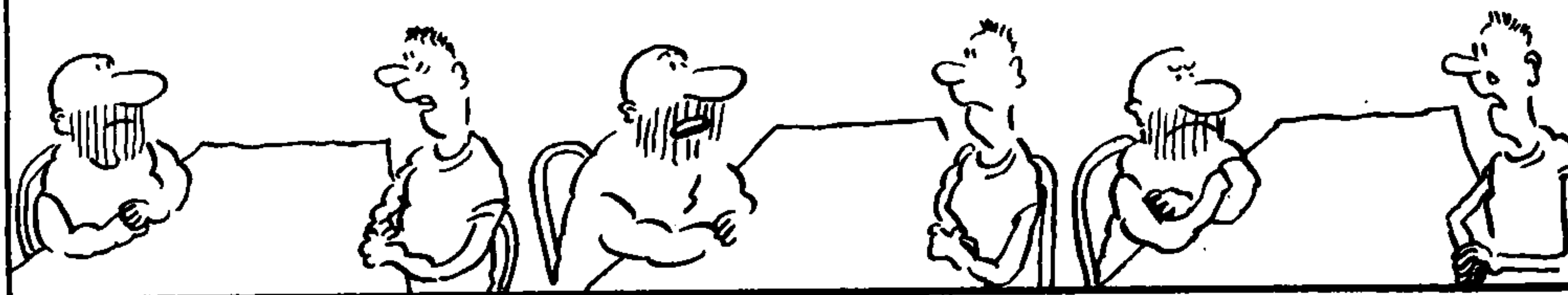


BY DAVID AUSTIN

DO YOU COUNSEL PEOPLE WHO HAVE SUFFERED BECAUSE OF CRIME?

I CERTAINLY DO. WHAT FORM DID YOUR SUFFERING TAKE?

FIVE YEARS IN JAIL FOR FRAUD.



FUNNY OLD WORLD

● "So, now we have three weapons — the dog, the bullet, and the cobra," Lieutenant-Colonel Alex Riatmodjo, Head of the Bekasi Police District told a press conference in Jakarta. "From now on, if we face brutal rioters, we have a simple solution. Release the snakes."

Riatmodjo, a former student at the FBI Academy in the United States of America, explained why poisonous cobras were to be used for crowd control. "When a riot breaks out, we'll call in a special team of officers who are trained to handle cobras. They'll hold the cobras by the tail and swing them about, which makes them very angry. That's vital, because snakes are usually placid and they won't attack people unless they're riled. When the cobras are thoroughly mad from the swinging, then the police officers



will brandish them at the rioters, and encourage them to bite the protestors, which will lower the spirits of the crowd. It's basic science really."

When questioned by reporters, Riatmodjo admitted that the technique has not yet been tried out on the public. "But we're convinced that, in time, people will see cobras as the great leap forward from the policeman's truncheon." (Uganda Monitor, 17/1/97. Spotter: Kelvin Murray)

● "What happened to the King's Meat?"

"Dear Editor, Thank you for allowing me space in your well-read newspaper. I wish to thank His Majesty for the ten cattle he gave us on Saturday, 22/2/97. May I put it forward to

Mphica and company that there is still some meat yet to be accounted for, to the teachers at large, which by mistake could have been omitted from the pots as they were cooking for us. The following pieces of meat were significantly missing: Ten heads of cattle. Ten livers. Twenty kidneys. Forty hooves. Ten spleens. Ten skins. Genitals depending whether the cows were male or female.

"I think this attitude of people filling their bellies which are already big enough should come to a halt. For God's sake!!! Could not these people give us just one meal from the King? S. Mazibuko, High School Teacher." (The Swazi Observer, 27/2/97. Spotter: A.D. Colhoun-Mbibwe)

— ○ —

● "When I tried to give Sheila her usual command to round the sheep up, a completely different noise came out of my mouth," shepherd John Boyle told reporters at his farm in Draperstown. "She just sat there and stared at me while the sheep ran off in all directions — she couldn't understand what I wanted her to do."

Boyle was explaining how his professional work had been undermined by a visit to a dentist in Tyrone. "He removed my front teeth, then told me that my false set was still on order from the manufacturers. So I came back to the farm and tried to round up my flock, and found I couldn't. My usual command to my dog is a kind of

hissing noise, but I had no teeth left to hiss with, and no matter how hard I tried all I could do was shout 'nang nang go... nang go'. It just wasn't the right sound at all. Sheila was confused and just lay down and whined, and the sheep had a field day.

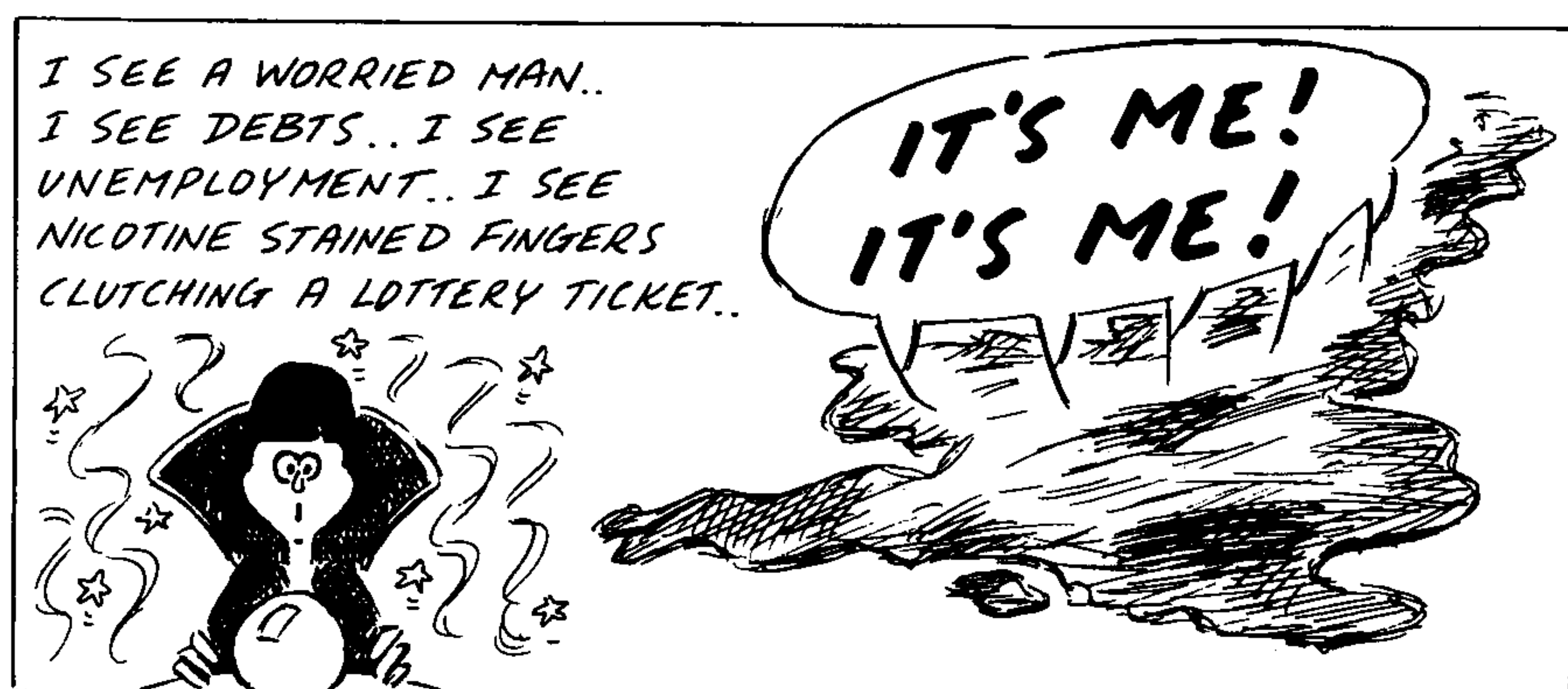
"It was a week before my gleaming new dentures arrived, and another week before I'd broken them in properly, and learned to hiss and whistle again. But now I've finally restored some order to the farm, and Sheila seems just as happy with my new teeth as she was with the old ones." (Belfast Telegraph, 28/4/97. Spotter: Frank Connolly)

COMPILED BY

Victor Lewis-Smith

The Lottery Winners

TURNER

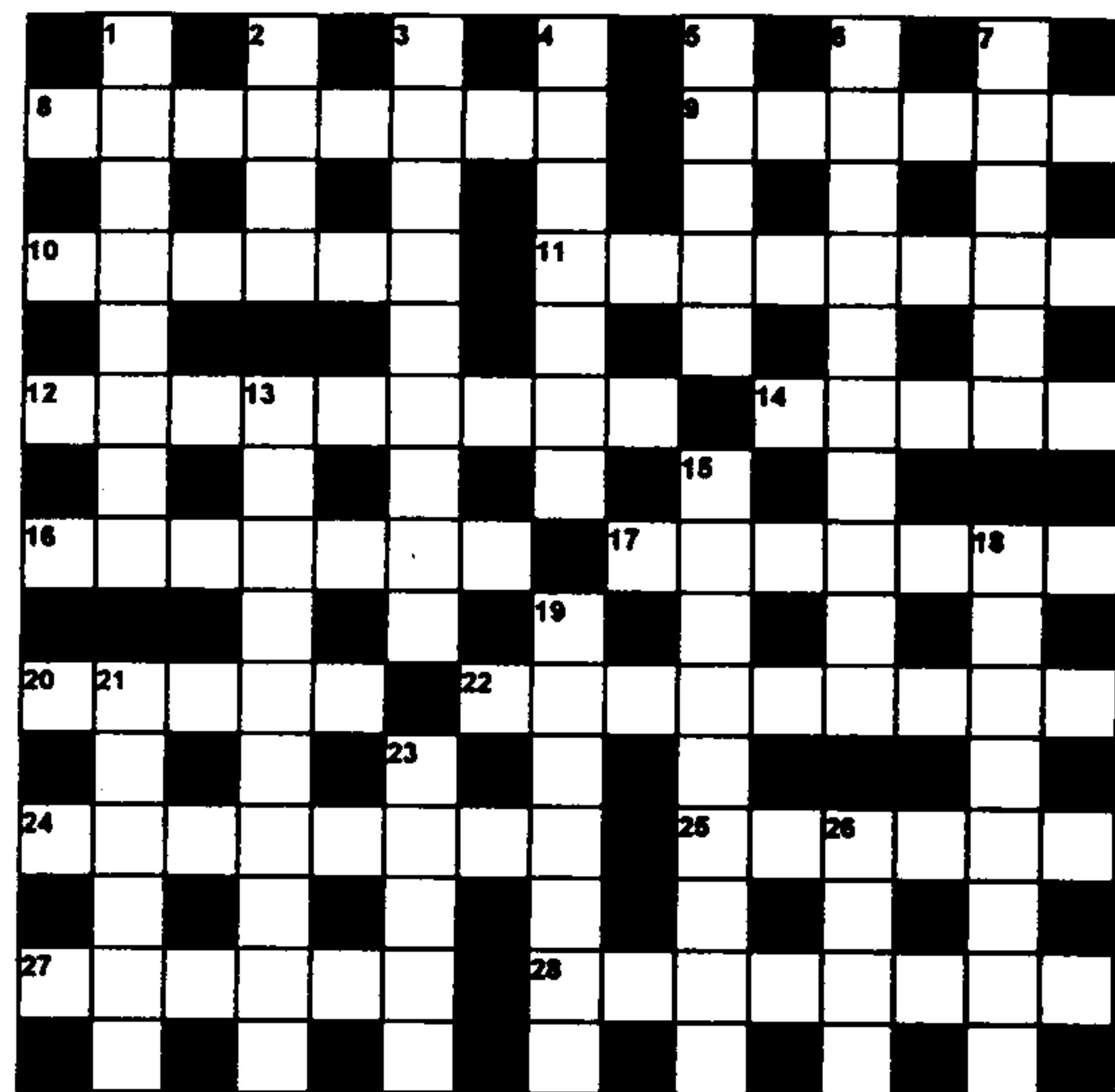


EYE CROSSWORD

81

by Cyclops

£100 prize



ACROSS

- 8 Sex aid against one item of underwear gets bollocks somersaulting (8)
- 9 Privatised utility boss liable to get caught in a flap? (3,3)
- 10 Sound incentive for the tactless palace spokesman (6)
- 11 Chief whip's function: selling off (8)
- 12 Taken over by Blair — an even less sensitive figure? (6,3)
- 14 Manage to get a shag when 12 ac. doubles up (5)
- 16/15 Bloody foreign poachers in the main, as our lot see them? (7,9)
- 17 Boob by one Ulster Conservative — it went down disastrously (7)
- 20 Some pleb on Yeltsin's jet (5)
- 22 Me health's suffering, tense inside, now Blair's this! (2,3,4)
- 24 This artist's cheaper by the sound of it (8)
- 25 Like the Tory party to a point: getting their dues (6)
- 27 Lingerie comes back to life again? (6)
- 28 Pisspoor Beeb slogs endlessly to be a sinister propagandist (8)

DOWN

- 1 Taking on the bar? You could be up for such a bollocking! (4,4)
- 2 One sort of sex examination (4)
- 3 Late news: loads of money put up by hacks! (4,5)
- 4 Propagated corruption with a hack (7)
- 5 Watchdog belonging to a liberated sodomite with capital (5)
- 6 A classic cowboy transport operator (10)
- 7 Personal adviser spins yarn to Brenda (6)
- 13 Fruity thing — could have you on your back in no time! (6,4)
- 15 (see 16)
- 18 'Unemployed come clean' rumour (4,4)
- 19 The purpose of a floppy Southern rotten toe-rag (7)
- 21 Supporting an arse (6)
- 23 Gordon to expose member? (5)
- 26 TV presenter who sounds, and is, gushing (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 20.06.97. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 80

Winner: ANNE BENNETT

ACROSS: 7 Rupert 8 All Souls 10 Do porridge 11/4 Love handles 12 Stallone 14 Eatery 15 Red tape 17 Cockpit 20 Brenda 22 Bollocks 24 Inch 25 French kiss 27 Republic 28 (see 13).

DOWN: 1 Euro 2 Aeroflot 3 Stereo 4 (see 11) 5 Alter ego 6 Clever dick 9 Ofot 13/28 The Princes Trust 16 Pratifall 18 Knockout 19 Absence 21 Nehru 23 Locate 26 Sits.

ST ALBION PARISH NEWS

MESSAGE FROM THE VICAR

Hullo again!

Hasn't the weather been wonderful recently! Not that I'm claiming credit for that! And what about our cricket team doing so splendidly in their first fixtures! Not that I'm claiming credit for that either!

But all these things certainly make everyone feel better, which is why I am here too!

And there's no better way to feel better than to make things better for people less well off than ourselves!

That's why last week I popped in to one of the parish's more socially-deprived council estates. I met a lot of single mothers there and it was to them that I gave this message: "We'll help you if you help yourselves!"



For what we are about to receive!

It's all too easy to sit back and expect a weekly handout. But if everyone thought like that, there wouldn't be anything to hand out, would there! Makes sense, doesn't it?

After all, isn't there a story in the Bible about the man burying his talents (or savings!) in the ground? He (or she) then just sat around at home, instead of going out to get a job! Not on!

Don't get me wrong! I'm not in any way criticising the single mother community. They've got a lot on their plates, heaven knows!



But as an incentive it would perhaps be best if from now on they were not invited to join the Mothers' Union. It will give them something to work towards, which is what we all need!

On a cheerier note, our transatlantic visitors, the Rev William and Mrs Clinton, caused quite a stir in the parish!

Especially when he played his saxophone at Evensong!

Well done everyone who joined in The Lord of the Dance!

Afterwards, Cherie and I had the great pleasure of having a pastoral supper with Bill and Hillary at Terry Conran's new trattoria in the High Street.

We found that, although we come from two such different countries, we had a great deal in common! I tell you, there were some pretty exciting ideas buzzing around over the Val Policella!

Your friend,

Tony

Verses By A Local Poet Summer



Summer is a-coming in.
Just like Tony Blair.

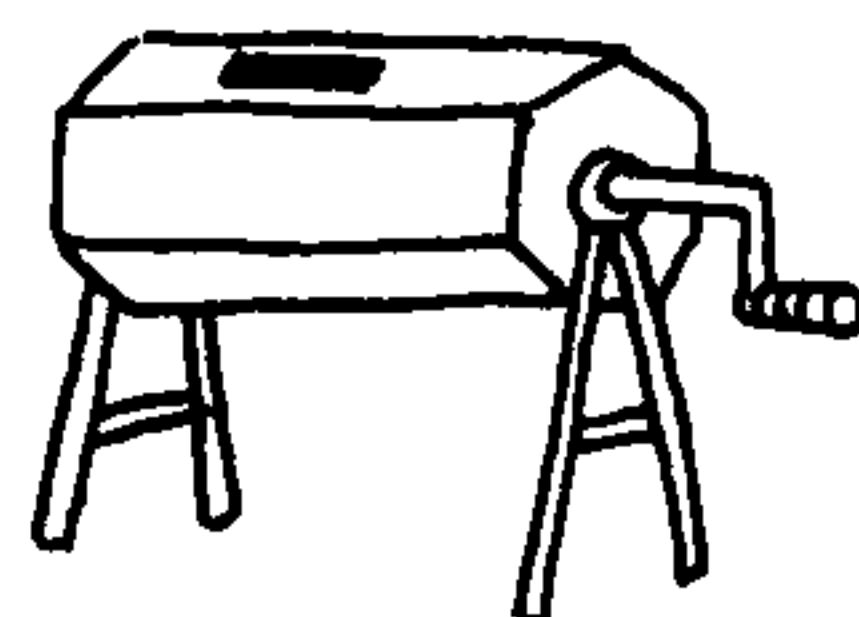
*S. Rushdie, St Albion's
Comprehensive VB.*

In Memoriam

150 years ago this year there was a terrible famine in Ireland and millions of people died. I think we at St Albion's should take this opportunity to apologise to all our brothers and sisters in Ireland for what happened at that time. There were some very uncaring people in charge in those days and we are all now really sorry about it. Let's hope that we can move forward to a very different period of history, where terrible things like this need never happen again!

T.B.

TOMBOLA: An Announcement From Chris Smith, Chairman of the Fête Committee



Tony has asked me to make it clear how disappointed we all are about the running of this very popular part of our fund-raising activities.

It seems that those responsible have been holding onto some of the ticket money for themselves, and claiming it as expenses, instead of putting it towards all the various good causes for which parishioners bought tickets in the first place — eg, the Church Roof Fund, the Old People's Summer Outing to Deal and the St Albion's Amateur Gilbert and Sullivan Society run by Mr Chadlington.

I have warned the gentlemen concerned that I want the money back by the end of the week. They should know that Tony has had a very kind offer from Mr Branson to run the whole tombola for free!

C.S.

Forthcoming Events

❖ Cherie will be opening up the vicarage garden on **June 7** for a special party for disadvantaged toddlers. This is very kind of Cherie, when she has so much else to do, and I very much hope you will help her by making sure that the following rules are obeyed:

1. No roller blades
2. No Alcopops

and

3. **DEFINITELY** no smoking.

All welcome. Admission by ticket only. Apply in writing to Mr Mandelson.

❖ Mr Blunkett, Chairman of the Governors

of St Albion's Church Primary, is kindly organising a special summer school to help boys and girls who have fallen behind with their reading.

This is an entirely voluntary project, but parents who do not sign on before **June 3** are warned that their children may be expelled.

❖ Mrs Harman has very kindly agreed to give a talk at the Church Hall on **June 10, 7.30pm**, on the subject of "Do Women Manage Things Better?" (I think we know what her answer will be! T.B.)
Barbecue cooked by Mr Harman after the talk. Vegetarian alternatives will be available.

Note From The Churchwarden Mr Mandelson

I would remind members of the Parochial Church Council that all our meetings are held in strictest confidence and that members are not allowed to divulge any matters relating to church business to anyone whatsoever, including husbands, wives or partners. I don't want to read in the local newspapers that we are having problems with the washer in the Vestry handbasin. There is no problem with the washer. There never has been and there never will be.

P.M.

GLENDASLAGG



Hitting you for sex!?!
(surely 'six'? Ed)

KENNETH Clarke — don'tcha-luvhim?! OK. So he's fat and fifty-seven, but at least he's human?! With his filthy shoes from Oxfam and his tie that smells of beer, cuddly Ken is the Roly-Poly Romeo who can put the "it" back into "politics"! Get it? I wish I did from Ken?! No offence Mrs Clarke but you shouldn't have married a sex bomb?!

KENNETH Clarke! 'oo'd vote for him?! Not me mister! With his beer gut, stinking panatella and curry-stained trousers, I say this yesterday's man should be put in a bottle bank! Take a tip from Auntie Glenda, Ken — crawl back into the pub and stop blowing your trumpet! You're just a jazz-been! Geddit?! I don't unfortunately but I wouldn't mind if it was pouting Peter Lilley! I always liked the strong silent type! Sorry Mrs Lilley but you shouldn't have married a professional love-machine?!

DIDYA get one of Di's dresses! Even if I had 7 million dollars I wouldn't waste it on one of Princess Pukey's ill-fitting cast-offs! Give 'em to Oxfam

Di-ling (Geddit?!) and give the OAPs something to wear down the Bingo Hall! Any bids? Going, going... I wish you were gone?!

HATS and dresses off to Princess Di!! She's the gorgeous gal with the heart of gold who's given us the chance to go a-gapin' and a-gawpin' at her glamorous gowns! So what am I bid?! Over here Mr Auctioneer, I'll have the low-cut spangled one with the pink sequins that she wore at the state opening of Terminator III! Clothes to Di for?! Geddit?! I don't but I gather she does?!

CAN you get Channel 5? Me neither! Who cares?!

HERE they are — Glenda's Testosterone Team!?!

● **M-m-m-Michael Atherton!**! I wouldn't mind tampering with his ball (geddit?!)

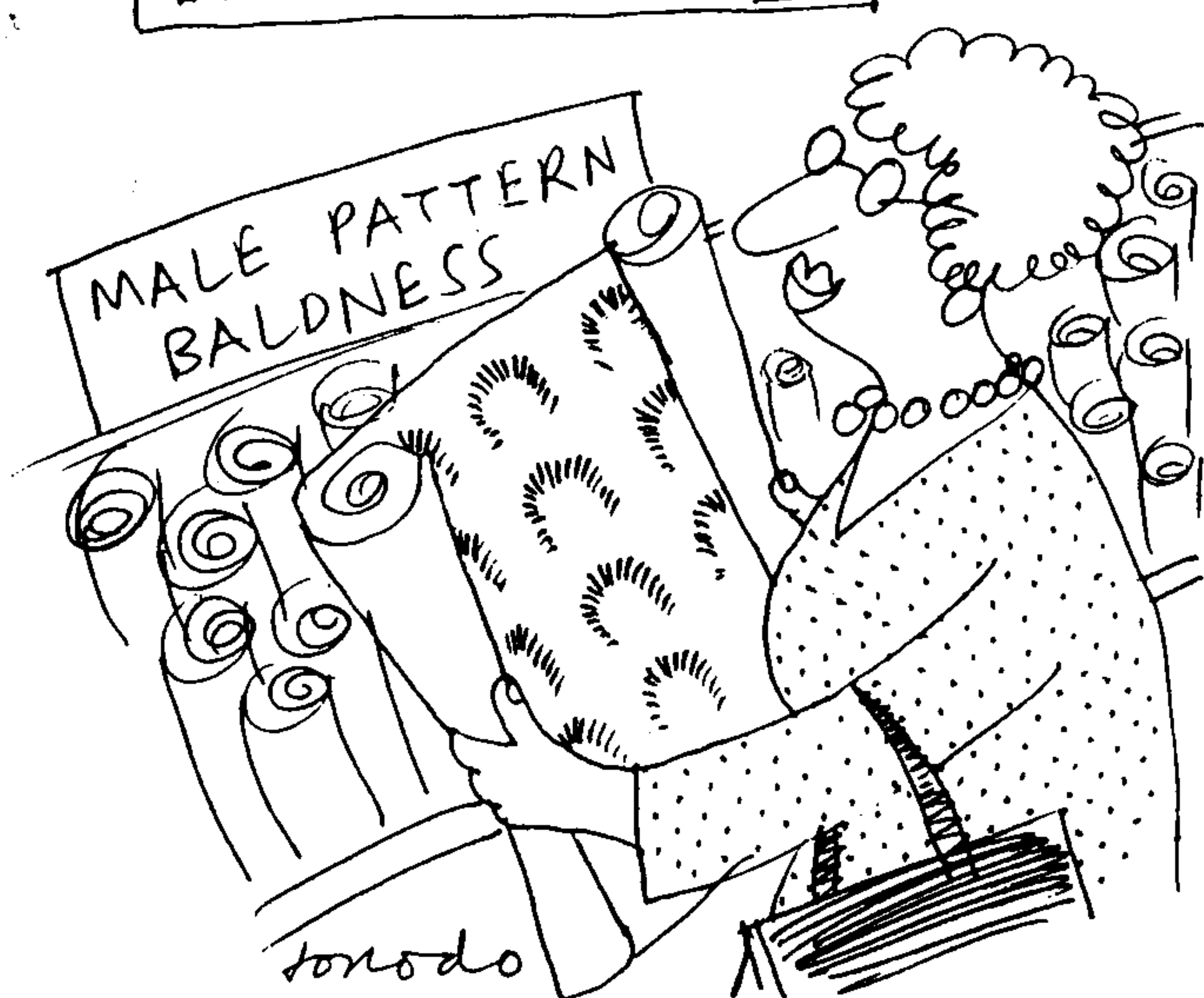
● **M-m-m-Mark Taylor!**! He can stroke this maiden through the covers any day or night! (Geddit?!)

● **Greg Blewett!**! (This bit has been censored. Ed.)

● **M-m-m-Michael Kasproicz!**! Crazy name, crazy medium-pace guy!?!

Leg-Byeeee!?!

WALLPAPER



Reprinted from the Observer

The Feelgood Factor

Ten tell-tale signs that it's really happening!

1. Summer is here!
2. It's raining!
3. The Halifax are giving us all money!
4. Mike Atherton's boys are doing us proud!
5. Glen Hoddle's lads are doing us prouder!
6. Jewel In The Crown is back on TV!
7. The Spice Girls are showing their knickers on the front page of the Telegraph!
8. Only six months 'til Christmas!
9. Noel from Oasis has got married!
10. Punch is about to fold!

Let us know what makes you feel good!

Just e-mail Will Hutton (The Observer's Mr Happy) at statewerein@absurder.rubbish.co.uk or phone 0898 742378 (it's much quicker).

An Eye Service

Round-Up of Articles You Don't Have To Read

Lilley: Why I can unite the party	3
Why Lilley would destroy the Party by Ferdinand Mount	4
Petronella Wyatt talks to William Hague: "I am the right boy for the job"	5
Boris Johnson discovers Mrs Redwood's hidden talents as a vegetarian cook	7
<i>(Reprinted from the Spectator)</i>	
Charles Moore: Why I am supporting Le Pen as Tory leader	9
The misunderstood Michael Howard by Michael Howard (no relation)	10
Rees-Mogg: "We must build on the past. Neville Chamberlain is the man for the job."	12
Bruce Anderson says Charles Moore has got it right	13
Matthew D'Ancona interviews Anne Applebaum	14
Bill Deedes is convinced that Mrs Thatcher is the right man for the job	16
Don't count Hezza out writes Peter McLie	19
Plus hundreds of letters from self-important people at the grassroots who still can't believe that the Tories are washed up	20-94

THE LICE GIRLS.



COURT CIRCULAR

ETON

His Royal Highness Prince William will attend a picnic in his honour to be held on a rug in the grounds of Eton College on All Snobs Day (May 29th). Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will not be

present at the event due to their not having been invited. In attendance in their stead will be: Miss Liggy Jiggy-Jiggy (Royal Nanny Pursuivant), Master J.B. Fotherington-Fayed (Blunts), Master Charles Moore (Blacks), "Fatty" Soames Minimus (Churchills) and the Prince's personal guests Miss Posh Spice, Miss Baby Spice, Miss Louise from Eternal, Miss Melinda Messenger, Miss Gillian Anderson of the X-Files and Miss Fruitella Parker-Bowles from Cheltenham Ladies' College.

Der Kindergarten Telegraaf

(incorporating Mother Goosestep's Nursery Rhymes)

SETBACK FOR KING KOHL'S MASTERPLAN

Gold 'fiddlers' exposed

by Our Man in Bonn Tony Bundesbanks

OLD King Kohl was distinctly unmerry yesterday, when he was caught out in a scam involving his so-called "fiddlers three".

The King had called on his fiddlers to go in the middle of the night to his counting house, and report on how much gold was stored in the vaults.

They were then ordered to multiply the value of the gold by ten, in order to meet Maastricht convergence criteria.

This was a key move in his plan to take over the whole of Europe.

Mass Tricked

The scam was exposed when a small boy, little Hans Tietmayer, saw what was going on and



shouted out: "Look, Emperor Kohl hasn't got any gold after all!"

The King then got into a tremendous bate and said that his plans for economic and monetary union would continue anyway.

Old King Kohl is 107.

Harry Enfield's Bores Drawn by Michael Heath

14. Mr Controversial

"I tell you who I think is the best person on television — Jeremy Beadle! No I do! I do! I do! I do! I do! honestly I'm being serious! I think he's marvellous I think he ought to read the news he's far cleverer than that loathsome twit Trevor MacDonald! No you *can't* like MacDonald! He's a dreadful fawning creep he should be shot! No he should! And that plain bitch Diana! No hear me out! hear me out! — she's ugly as sin! Oh come on! You *can't* find her attractive. Oh come! Come! Come! Now Camilla Parker Bowles — she's gorgeous! No she is! She's the sexiest thing on two legs and she's clever I hope she becomes Queen and Prime Minister at the same time! No I do honestly! She's far wittier than these shits we've got at the moment I mean Tony Blair's a Nazi! No he is! He *definitely* is and he's queer — oh of *course* he is! I mean he holidays in Tuscany for God's sake and the only people who go there are madmen & queers! Well you're mad then — Tuscany's a dump we should nuke it and as for the unspeakable Italian food! Yes! Yes! Yes! I'm well aware we're eating Italian now! It's worse than the River Cafe Book! Am I right? Or am I right? Ruthie Rogers shows you how to make good food inedible! I know I've finished mine & had seconds but I wouldn't want to offend our dear host — now Germans, they *know* how to cook..."





NEW LABOUR, NEW HANZ-Z-Z-ARD

**New Prime Minister's Question
Time. 3.00 pm**

Ms Janet Cardigan (Bournemouth Central, New Lab): May I congratulate the Prime Minister, I mean, Tony, on his first month in office, when he has already transformed Britain into a better place, where things can only get better? (*New Labour backbenchers perform Mexican wave*)

Mr Tony Blair (Sedgemoor, New Lab): I don't think I need to reply to that one! (*Laughter*) But thank you, Janet, all the same.

Ms Jenny Swipecard (Haywards Heath, New Lab): I am sure I am speaking for all the New Women in New Britain when I salute the Prime Minister's brilliant appointment of Ms Harriet Harperson as Britain's first genuine Minister for Women. Would Tony not agree that under the Tories no woman would have been given such a senior job in a million years? (*Tory cries of "Maggie! Maggie! Maggie! Back! Back! Back!"*)

Mr Alan Clark (Kensington and Legovia, Old Con): More women the better, I say. (*Tory cheers and cries of "We've got the wrong Clarke for leader"*)

Mr Blair: I refer my honourable friend to all the answers I have given previously.

Ms Stephanie Twiglet (Portillo South, New Lab): May I take this opportunity while the House is asleep to congratulate the Prime Minister on the speed with which his Government is acting to clamp down on the scandal of all these cyclists who do not fit bells on their bikes, thus putting toddlers and the elderly seriously at risk on Britain's pedestrianised cycleways?

Mr Blair: Thank you, Stephanie, for asking that question you were told to ask, and I would just like to say that we are bringing forward as a matter of the highest priority legislation not only to make the wearing of seat belts compulsory on bikes, but also to ban the use of mobile phones by rollerbladers. (*Labour cheers*)

Ms Patsy Jacket (Billericay, New Lab): While we're on the subject of banning things, could I ask the Prime Minister whether we could have some new safety regulations on the use of shopping trolleys in supermarket aisles. Only last week in my constituency I was involved in what could have been a very nasty incident in our local Tesco, when a three-trolley collision occurred, and a small toddler was

ejected into the exotic fruits and could well have been injured by the kumquats falling on his head. Had it not been for the prompt action of members of the staff, this young child could have been seriously injured instead of just, as it was, receiving nasty stains of kumquat juice all over his trainers.

Mr Dennis Bolsover (Skinner, Old Lab): I've never heard such daft rubbish in all my life. Bring back Maggie.

Dame Betty Boop (New Speaker): Order! Order! Can we get on with some proper old-fashioned questions, please. The man in the front row with the glasses and the grey suit. Yes you!

Mr John Failure (Major, Old Con): What I want to know is why the Prime Minister promised to publish a Bill on Scottish Devolution before introducing a Bill to hold a referendum and yet he is now proposing to introduce the Referendum Bill without publishing the other Bill to which I referred earlier? (*Embarrassed silence as members on both sides of the House try to remember who this figure is*)

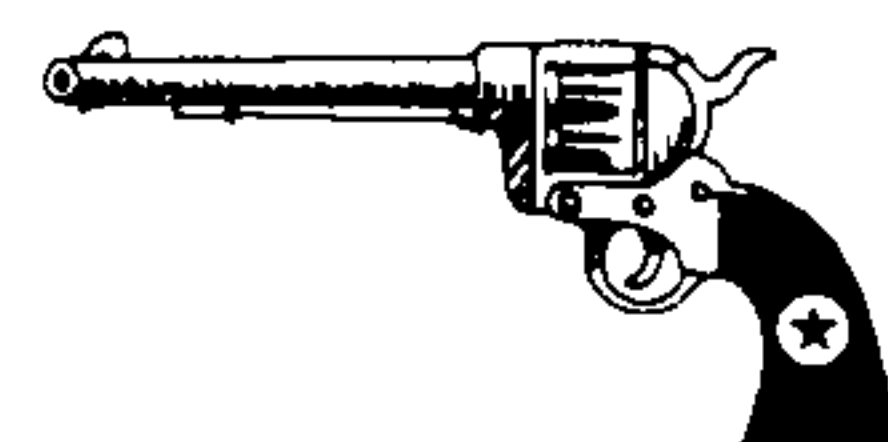
Mr Major: Alright, I'll get my coat.

Mr Paddy Ashtray (Pantsdown, Old Dem Libs): As the leader of the third largest party in the history of the universe, may I remind the Prime Minister that my party cannot be ignored... (*All MPs rush to exit doors*)

© New Han-z-z-z-ard



UPFRONT



at Ronnie Wood's Wild West 50th Birthday Party (Exclusive to all newspapers)



● **Alan** get your gun! It's **Shearer** madness when England's top shooter starts messing with Mick's **Hall-time** favourite gal!! **Jerry-onimo!!** These two will get the party **Rolling!**



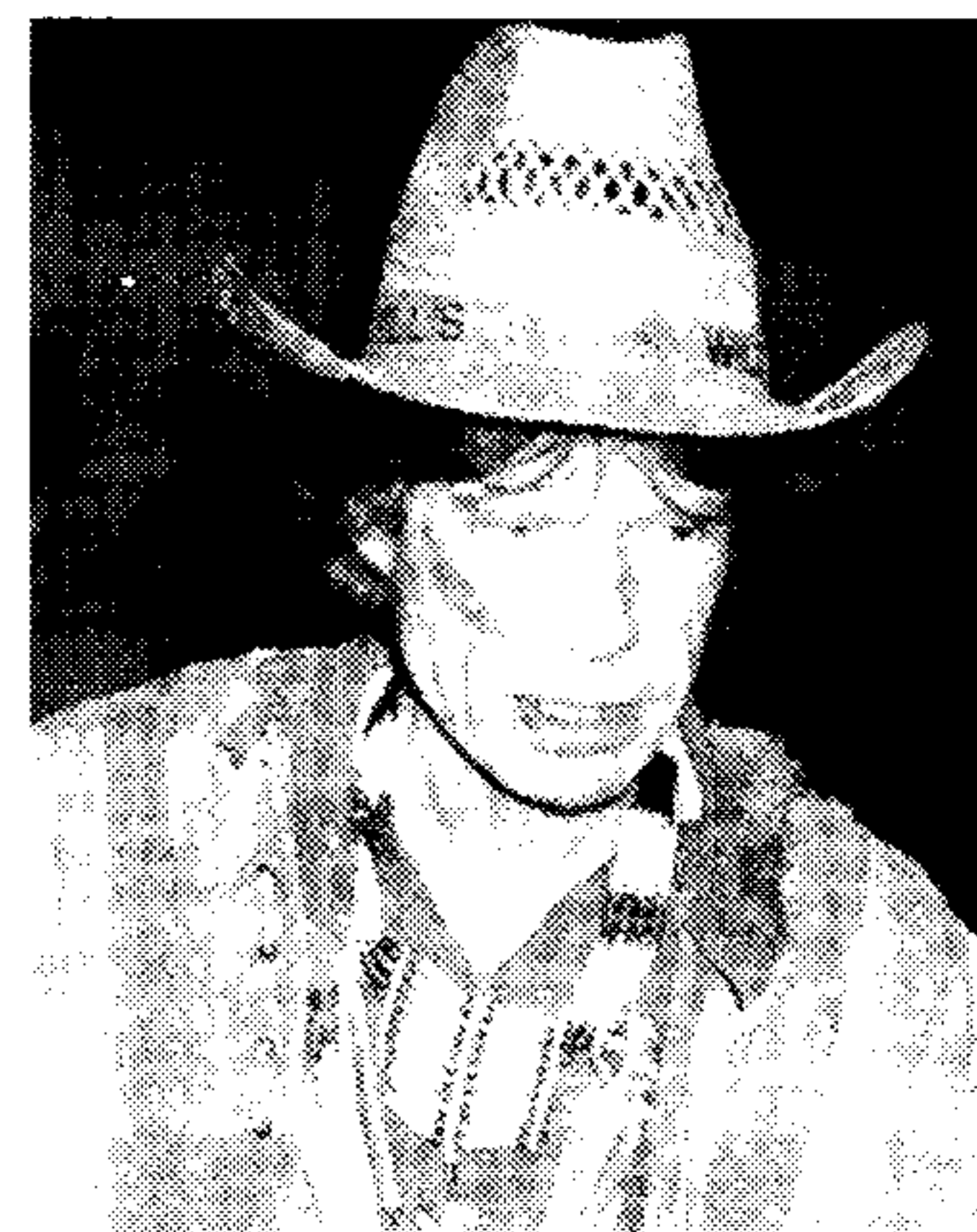
● Hats on to these two **hombres!** Is **Ringo** the **Starr** attraction? No, it's his old friend **David** on the left! Take a **Bowie**, old-timer! And is that an empty **Holsten** there? Anyway these two gunslingers will soon get the party **Rolling!**



● **Watts** up, **Charlie?** are those **Indian** drums you can hear at the party? Don't ask **Marie** — she's **Helvin** too much of a good time?! Has she been at the **Bailey's** again?! Never mind — these guys will soon get the party **Rolling!**



● Is **Bryan** going to **squaw** with this beauty? **Ferry** likely at a party where the **Rolling Stones** gather at least one **Moss!** Kiss me, **Kate!** On second thoughts, isn't that **Anna Ford** giving **George Michael** the bad news that she won't go into his **wig-Wham!** No, looking at my notes, it's probably **Frances Barber** about to have a **Fiennes** time with heartthrob **Ralph!** Anyway, whoever they are, they'll really get the party **Rolling!**



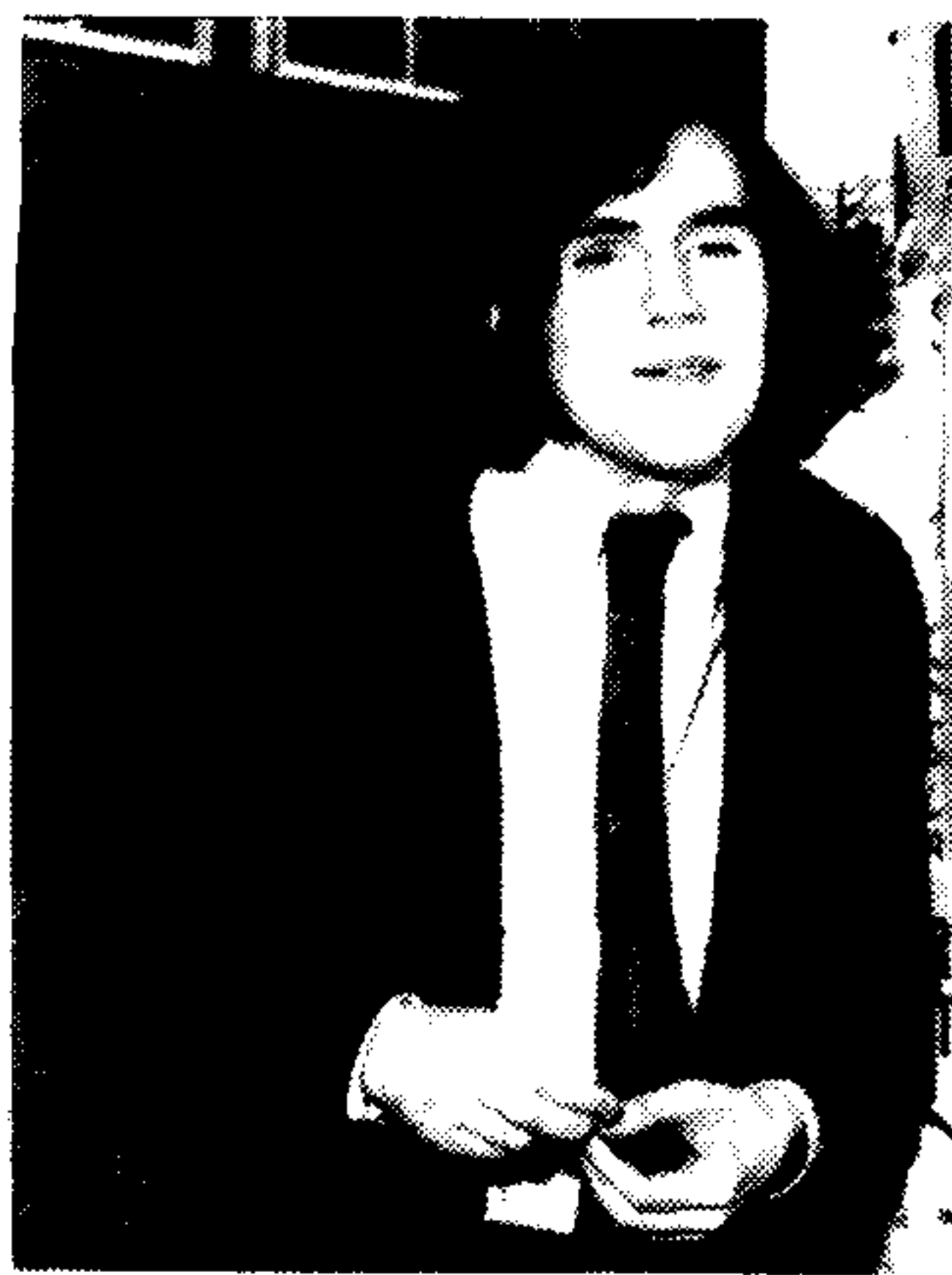
● Hat-sa la vista! **Arnie** you having a good time, Mr **Schwarzenegger?** See you later, **Terminator!** With you around, the party really will be **Rolling** soon! (*You are fired. Ed.*)

Yes! It's Britain's Newest Fanzine

BLAIRZONE

(now given away free
with the Guardian)

Focus on Gordie



Everyone goes on about Tony 'cos he's the lead singer but what about Blairzone's moody lead guitarist Gordon "Gordie" Brown? Tony's old friend Gordie is *actually* the member of the band who gets the girls screaming — and his macho good looks have made him Blairzone's No. One Sex Symbol!

Gordie's Top Groupies

- ① Emma Forthform, 9.
- ② Charlotte Raving, 12.
- ③ Joanna Lyttle, 11.
- ④ Julie Bullshit, 47.

Gordie's Fave Single

Leonard Cohen's *Suzanne*
(Moore)

Gordie's Least Fave Single

I'm Mandelson Fly Me by
10cc (That's enough
Blairzone. Ed.)

Notes & Queries

QUESTION: How did "the Ashes" get their name? — *E.B. Bail, Somerset.*

□ THE famous Ashes are named after the Glamorgan and England cricketer Cyril Ashes who with his brother Lionel (L.B. Ashes) first proposed a tournament between England and South Africa in 1899. When the South Africans failed to raise a team during the Boer War the invitation was extended to the Pakistanis instead. It has taken place every year ever since. — *Professor D. Trelford, Department of Media Studies, Sheffield.*

QUESTION: Can bats swim? — *Mrs Enid Rusbridger, Preston.*

□ C.J.P. Barkworth is wrong to state (N&Q, 29 Feb) that there is one species of bat which is amphibious. The bat he refers to, *Pipistrella Nautilus Normalis*, the so-called "swimming bat of Papua New Guinea" is not a bat at all and was wrongly classified as such by the Rev J.D. Googly in "Bats of Papua New Guinea" (1899). This animal is in fact a member of the newt family which sleeps upside down and is the only newt capable of flight. —

Dr David Bergasol MRDF, Editor "Bats and Batmen".

QUESTION: What is Will Self's real name? — *Ved Frobisher, Lahore University.*

□ THE man who calls himself Will Self was born The Hon. Archibald Massingberd-Montgomery-Smythe. His father, Sir Hugo, was Equerry to King George VI (1948-1953) and his mother Lady Laetitia (née von Bösendorfer-Steinway) was a renowned horsewoman and socialite. It was at Eton that Archibald first assumed the name Wilf Self as a pseudonym for obscene short stories he submitted to the *Eton Chronicle*. They were never used but Archibald kept the name, adapting it only slightly by deed poll to Will Self in 1977 when he went to read Land Economy at Christ Church College, Oxford. — *Lady Elizabeth Calder, Publisher of Bloomsbury Books.*

NEXT WEEK: Answers to the following please: Has anyone ever been born with two left feet? Is Domestos the smallest Greek island? Who first discovered rhubarb? What is the difference between Anne McIlroy and Anne Applebaum? (*That's enough queries. Ed.*)

Apparently...

BY MIKE
BARFIELD

TESTICULAR LOW COMEDY HOMOPHONES CHECKLIST



CASSOCKS □ HASSOCKS □ HILLOCKS □ TUSSOCKS □



BULLOCKS □ POLLACKS □ BARRACKS □ ROWLOCKS □

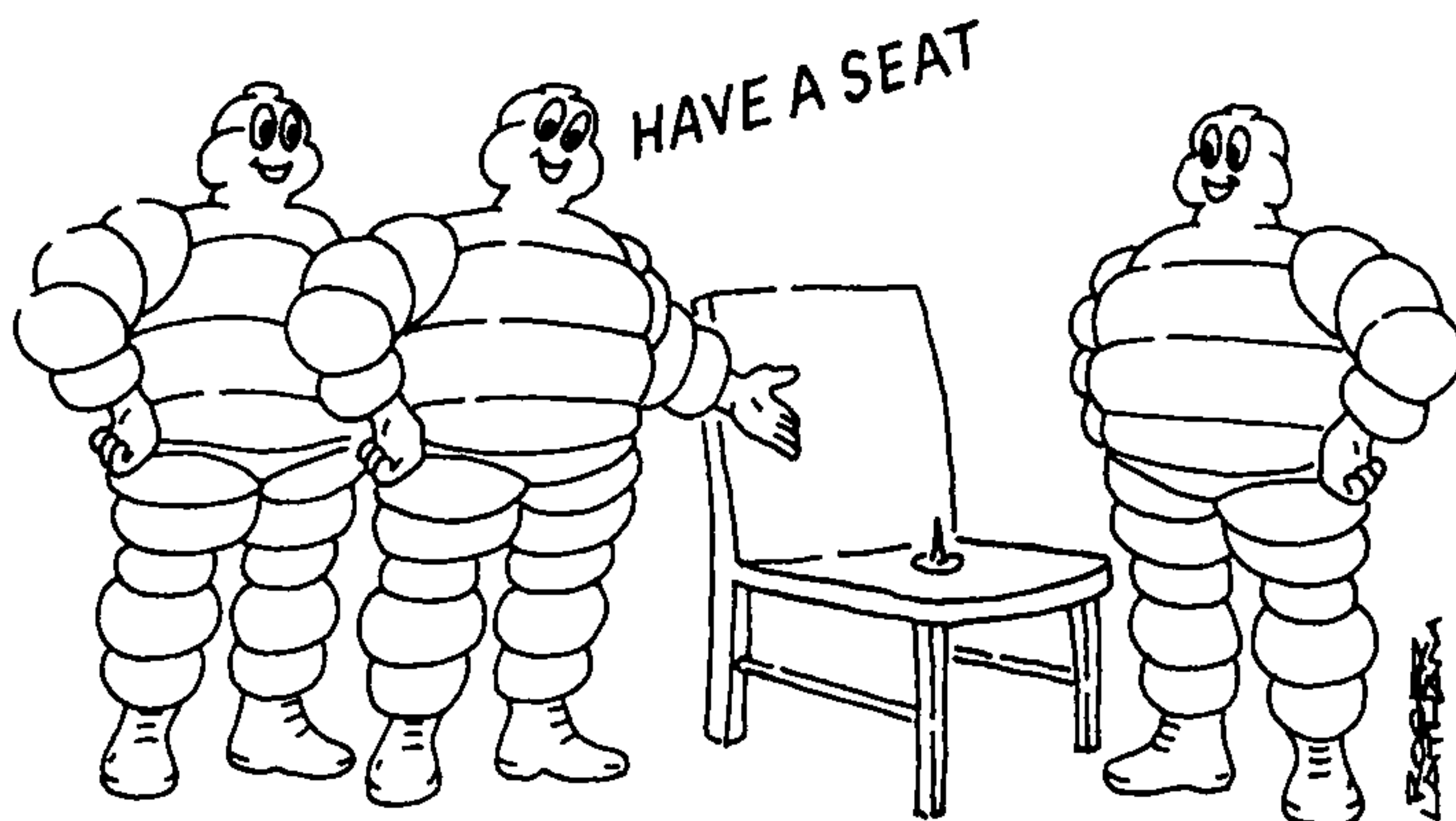


TROSSACHS □ COSSACKS □ WARLOCKS □ BILLHOOKS □



Modern Nursery Rhymes No. 94

This little Tiggy went to Eton,
This little Tiggy should have stayed home,
This little Tiggy ate cucumber sandwiches,
And William's mother had none.
And this little Tiggy got attacked by Princes Diana
who went "whine, whine, whine" all the way to
the Sun. (And then denied it afterwards.)



Michelin Men Behaving Badly

An Eye Service for the New Era

THOSE POWELLS IN FULL



JONATHAN POWELL
(pronounced "Powell"), 42.
Tony Blair's right-hand man. Immensely able, loyal and reliable.



SIR CHARLES POWELL
(pronounced "Pole"), 68.
Margaret Thatcher's right-hand man. Immensely able, loyal and snobbish. Father of Jonathan (see above).



LADY CARLA POWELL
(pronounced "Powermad"), 77. James Goldsmith's right-hand woman and then Peter Mandelson's left-hand woman. Immensely able, disloyal and unreliable. Sister of Charles (see above).



JONATHON POWELL
(pronounced "Yentob"), 51.
Formerly John Birt's right-hand man. Now head of Something at Carlton, Jonathan is immensely able to get top jobs at various TV networks. Husband of Carla (see above).



ENOCH POWELL
(pronounced "Cabdriver"), 178. Right-hand man to Genghis Khan. Immensely old and moustachioed. The son of Lord Baden-Powell (see below).



SIR ANTHONY POWELL
(pronounced "Prole"), 198. Immensely long novelist and writer of diaries about his lunch. 1st cousin of the children's TV presenter Jenny Powell (see above).



GENERAL COLIN POWELL
(pronounced "E. Coli Pow-Wow"), 72.

George Bush's right-hand man and hero of Operation "Don't Stand For President Against Clinton". The son of Enoch (see above) and Lady Colin Campbell.



PETER POWELL, 63
(pronounced "Who?"). Right-hand husband of

Anthea Turner and the world's most powerful man. Uncle of actor Robert (see below) and niece of singer Lynsey de (see above). (That's enough Powells. Ed.)



SOUTH POLE
(pronounced "Powell"). Incredibly old and immensely cold. (You're fired. Ed.)

"Kevin! Must you put ketchup on everything?!"



FAYED TO BUY NEASDEN

by E.I. Erewego, Our Man In The Food Hall At Harrods About To Be Thrown Out Because He Is Too Fat

THE WORLD of soccer was rocked to its foundations yesterday when Egyptian-born millionaire Mohamed Al-Fayed made a surprise bid for the ailing Neasden Football Club.

Said a spokesman for the controversial store magnate: "Mr Al-Fayed has put in a four-figure offer for the notorious Relegation League side to its current chairman, Brigadier Buffy Cohen — £23.01. If the deal goes through, Mr Al-Fouled will take Neasden to the very top of the football pyramid — in Cairo."

Mohamed Al-Fulham

The spokesman denied that the Knightsbridge entrepreneur was merely using Neasden to try to buy himself respectability and facilitate his attempt to become a British citizen.

He said: "Mr Al-Fanzine has always loved soccer and followed it

avidly as a boy. His childhood heroes were players like Ken Rosewall, Tony Jacklin, Sonny Liston and Shirley Temple."

Brigadier Cohen was last night resigned to the inevitability of the hostile bid. He told reporters: "Neasden is heavily in the red, owing to our imprudent purchase of 11 albanian players last year. If Mr Al-Capone wants to be part of English football, he has come to the wrong place."

Foodhall Fan

But an undeterred Mr Al-Feverpitch is convinced that he can give Neasden the incentive it needs and he has put forward a ten-point plan to achieve footballing success within one season.

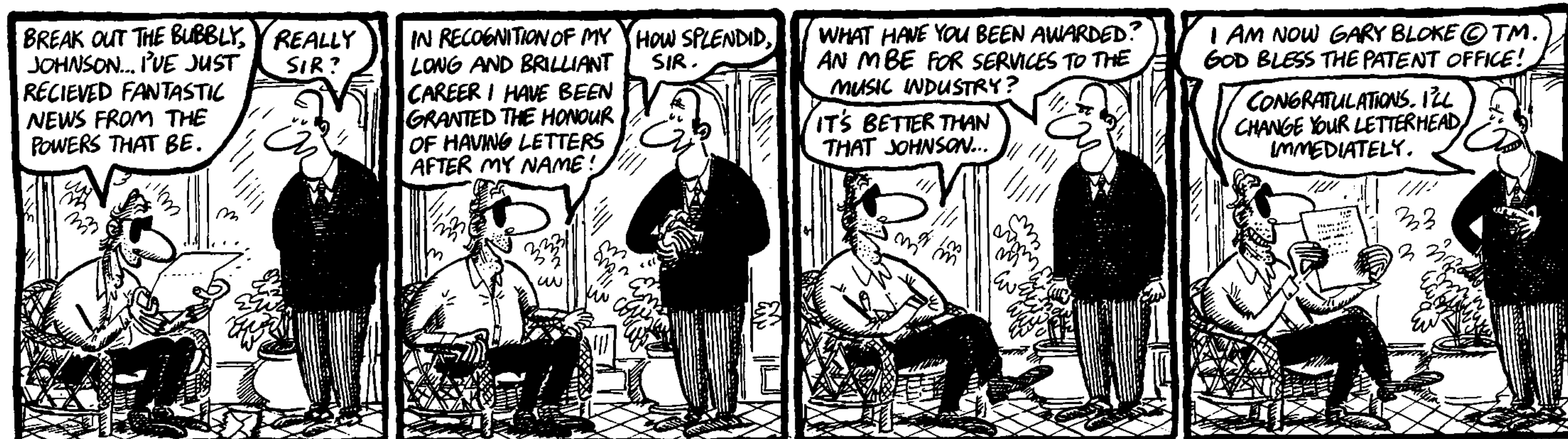
1. Neasden Bridge to be knocked down and converted into cheap warehouses for millions of unsold copies of the humorous magazine Punch.

2. Er...

3. That's it.

Celeb

LIGGER





IN THE COURTS

Before Mr Justice Popplecarrot The case of Nutkin v. Grauniad Newspapers and Graunada TV

Mr Charles Grayman Q.C. (for the plaintiff): My lord, I move first of all that this very important and complex case, involving as it does more than 20,000 witnesses, 200,000 documents and £2,000,000 payable to myself, is not one which is best determined by a jury, consisting, you may think, of some dozen persons of either sex, dragged in off the street, many of them illiterate, unwashed and of uncertain ethnic origin. Furthermore, my lord, many of these pitiful creatures, I submit, may be silly, scatterbrained women of the female kind, who would be better served staying at home with their illegitimate children, watching Kilroy.

Mr Justice Popplecarrot (waking up): What is Kilroy?

(Laughter in court)

Mr Carperson (for the defendants): M'lud, may I try to ingratiate myself with you at this point by explaining to your lordship that Kilroy is a television programme, taking its name from a Mr Kilroy-Silk.

Judge: Is he a silk, Mr Carperson?

(Counsel collapse in hysterical laughter)

Mr Grayman: If I may return, my lord, to the *gravamen* of the *res materia* in this case, my submission is that there is only one person in the entire kingdom, not to say universe, endowed with the necessary powers of perspicacity, wisdom (asks junior to hand over copy of Roget's Thesaurus), ah yes, intelligence, mental agility, crocodile tears... I beg your pardon, my lord, I was reading from the wrong bundle.

Judge: So it would appear, Mr Grayman. But you were about to say that only I was suitable to hear this case as a *solex adjudicatus*?

Krayman: If it so pleaseth, your lordship.

Judge: So be it. Send the jury home, to continue watching Mr Killjoy, and we lawyers will sort this one between us *sine plebianibus*.

(All lawyers laugh at thought of working classes)

Grayman: I am indebted to your lordship. May I now proceed to my opening submissions? In this case I have the honour to represent one of the most

outstanding public servants of this or indeed any other age, Mr Jeffrey Archer. (Junior tugs gown and whispered consultation takes place) Oh yes, my Junior Mr Fearnley-Whittingstall, has corrected me on a point of law. My client is in fact Mr Jonathan Nutkin, the former Chief Secretary to the Treasury and Women Procurement minister.

(Junior tugs gown again)

My lord, I meant of course Defence Procurement. My client is not only a statesman of world renown, he is also a highly respected member of the international business community, a director *inter alios* of such companies as Roland Rat Television Productions Ltd, the Saudi Scientific Instrumentation Design Co, Anglo-Indonesian Security Services (Singapore) Ltd, the Arabian Cultural Exchange, Frith Street, Soho, the Inglenooky Sauna and Massage Advisory Centre, Kinkbury, Berks, the Arms R Us Peace Foundation (Riyadh) and many other enterprises too numerous to register.

Judge: He is obviously innocent.

Mr Carperson: My lord, I think it might be a little premature to end the case at this juncture. There is a good deal more evidence to be offered before we all send in our bills!

Judge: A good point, Mr Carperson. Pray proceed, Mr Grayman.

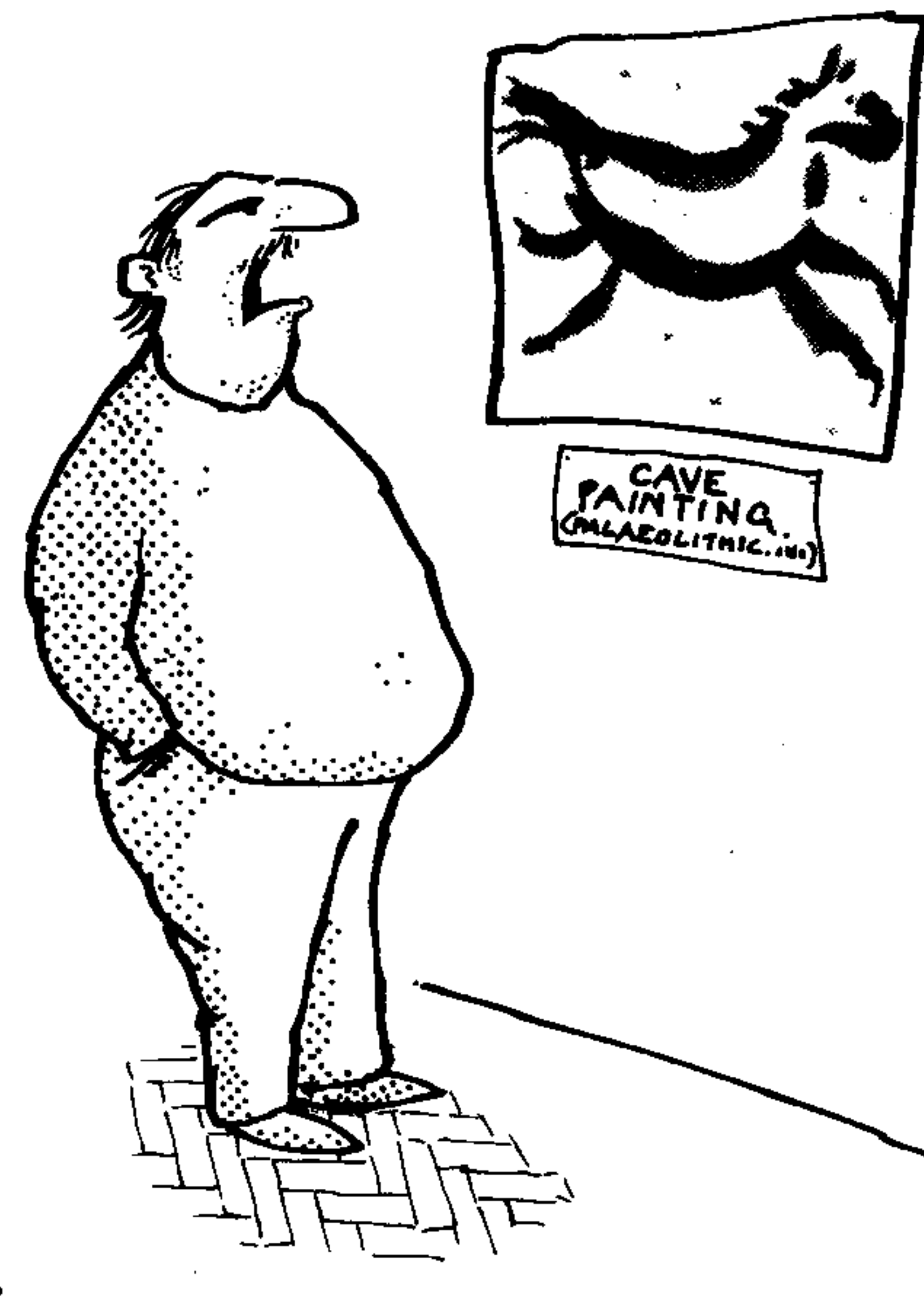
Graystoke: My client, Mr Nutkin, has been subjected by the defendants, I submit, to the vilest and most opprobrious campaign of vilification that I have ever witnessed in my long carer at the Bar.

Judge: You always say that Mr Grayman, ha, ha, ha.

Grayman: I am indebted to your lordship. Nevertheless, you catch my drift. As a result of this malicious and odious farrago of lies and baseless calumnies, my client's reputation has been butchered, his distinguished political career brought crashing in ruins, his marriage in tatters after his admission of adultery. (Junior tugs gown again) I'm sorry, my lord, could the jury, if we had one, strike that one from their memories? But to sum up, I would submit that my client has suffered every indignity known to mankind, including most lately, his rejection by the electors of Thanet East, all directly attributable to the evil campaign of bullying and mendacity systematically mounted against him by the media conglomerates run by Mr Alan Rubbisher, whom you see skulking behind my learned friend like one of Mr Tesco's frozen chickens.

Judge: My clerk informs me that an interesting situation has arisen in the Test Match, and I would therefore suggest that this is a suitable moment to adjourn.

The Court rose at 94-8.
The case continues.



"A three-million-year-old could do that"

That Blair – Clinton Dinner Menu in full



SIR TERENCE CONRAN'S
LE PONT DE LA TOUR

Waffle and syrup £500.00



Service not included

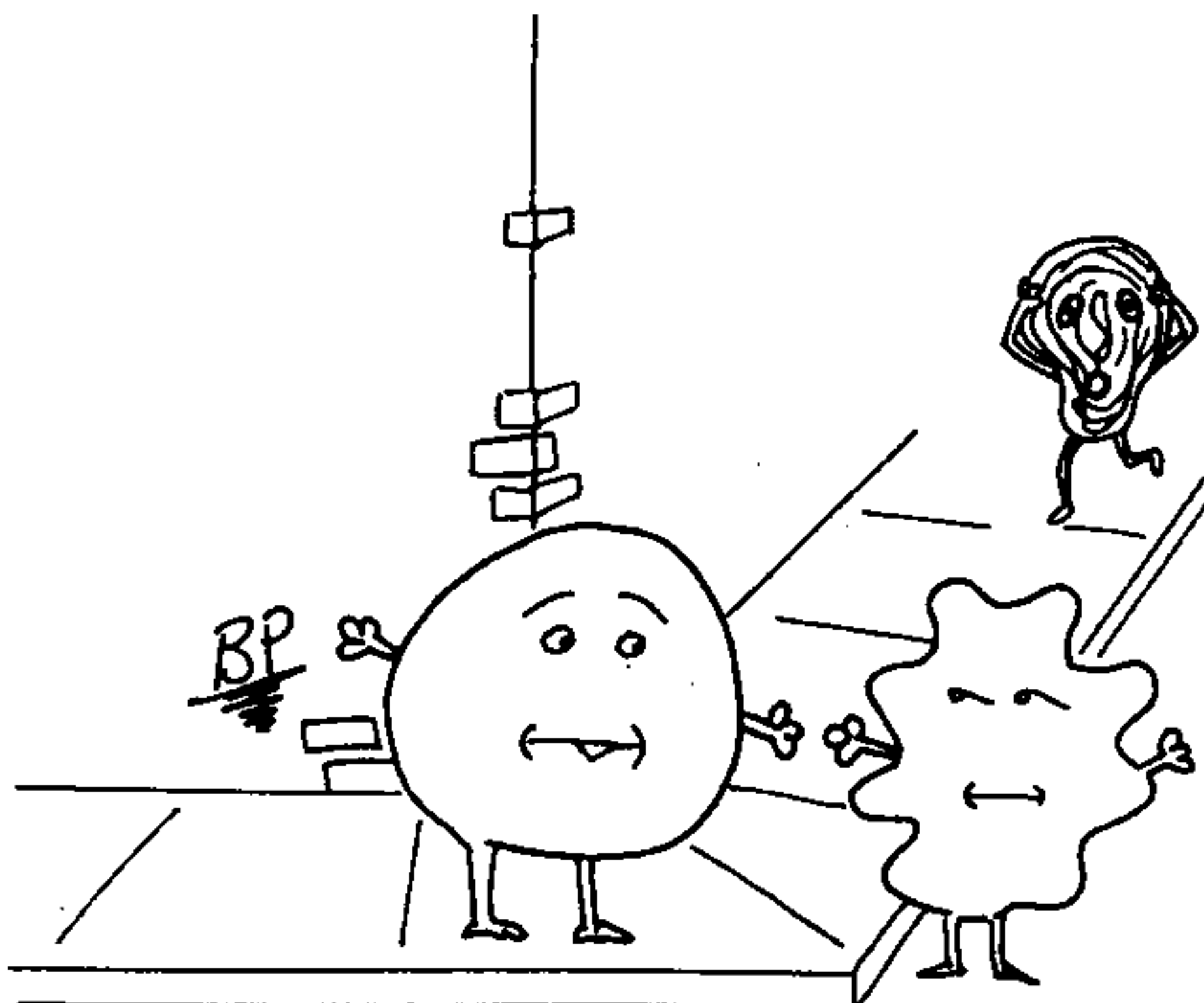
FRENCH ELECTION RESULTS

(cont'd from p.1)

NEVERS-SUR-DIMANCHE.

Socialist gain.

André Jaspard (Democratic Socialist People's Front) 44,812. **Adolfe Hittlere** (National Front Pour Repatriation Des Africains Et Anti-Maastricht) 44,810. **Boeffton Toeffton** (Gaullist United People's Democratic Conservative) 13. **Jean-Paul Spartre** (Communist) 10. **Brigitte Bardot** (Droits des Animaux et Vert) 6. **M. Hulot** (En Vacances) 0. (C'est assez des elections. Red.)



"Oh no! Here comes Mr Angst!"

DIARY

You know, I find the whole processing of food — slicing, grating, cutting, stirring, nibbling, masticating, imbibing, savouring, swallowing, digesting, expelling, wiping, flushing and then slicing again — enormously satisfying. I take enormous pride from the fact that in the 1950s, I became the first Briton to visit France. In those days, the avocado, the tomato and the potato were quite unheard of in Britain. I take enormous pleasure in having introduced them to this country, where they now form part of our everyday lives.

I crave simplicity. Good restaurants are all about simplicity: simple food, simply served with simply enormous bills.

For instance, what could be more satisfying than a simple boiled egg? Ever since, as a young man, I became the first Englishman to visit Europe, I have pursued a love affair with the boiled egg. A boiled egg is a feast for all the senses: the eyes amazed by the deep rich yellow contrasted with the stark, translucent, almost virginal white; the ears alive to the gentle knock-knock-knock on the warmly curvaceous and softly yielding shell; the mouth teased by expectations of the flowing yolk softly easing its way along the salivating contours of the tongue, and down, down, down into the throat; the penis quivering in readiness to be used as a spoon, diving deep, deep, deep into the very nub and hollow of the ovoid, then rising up once more, now drenched in brightest yellow. And it's also quite nice with toast.

I think I am right in saying that I was the first person in Britain to develop a passion for good design. But what enormous opportunities were missed by the generations who preceded me! The River Thames, for instance, has many major design faults, and is long overdue for a corporate makeover in order to radically alter public perception of it as something "outdated" and "worn out". We have accordingly developed a three-point Thames Re-Imaging Plan:

DESIGN PROBLEM: The Thames curves randomly, without due regard for the sadly outdated buildings alongside it. This is bad design: fussy, obtrusive, and lacking the "human dimension".

DESIGN SOLUTION: Radically re-design the Thames, banishing all fussy curves to form a marvellous bold and simple straight



SIR TERENCE CONRAN

line, in a stroke making it user-friendly, democratic, gutsy, passionate and ready for the new demands of the 21st century.

DESIGN PROBLEM: The Thames is far too moist and splashy. It is made up almost entirely of water, creating an almost insuperable access barrier between the North and South of London, making it wholly unfit for pedestrians.

DESIGN SOLUTION: Tile the Thames in richly checkered Italian tiling, terracotta and a marvellous deep lush green, blocking out the water and allowing full pedestrian access, affording it a marvellously "continental" street-market feel, full of marvellously evocative bustle and hub-bub.

DESIGN PROBLEM: "The River Thames" is a tired, yesterdayish logo, too strongly associated in the public perception with a lack of vibrancy and drive. It is crying out for a radical re-think in its corporate identity to reflect its new, all-dry, user-friendly, updated competitive edge.

DESIGN SOLUTION: A new corporate identity for an old River, radically altering perceptions with a dramatic new logo, incorporating a go-ahead new one-million-pound designer typeface that is impacting for change:

thaMes: the riVer

I am an enormous supporter of the new Prime Minister, Mr Tony Blair and New Labour. And I always have been, ever since the 80s and 90s when I used to have to really clench my teeth whilst heaping wholly unde-

served praise on Mrs Thatcher and Mr Major. But I trust this new Government will give long overdue public recognition to the importance of British Design — for example the Butler's Wharf Development, the Bluebird Emporium, the new Conran Group market repositioning of Hadrian's Wall with a tremendously exciting Mediterranean-style bistrodome every 750 metres. New Labour (and I do enormously urge them to go one step further and become neW labouR) has a better understanding of the importance of design to the economy and quality of life. I trust they will soon take this initiative one stage further by appointing a major Design presence to the Upper House. The whole design community would benefit enormously from, say, a Lord Conrad of Bibendum to lend real buzz to their cause.

As I've said before in many major newspaper profiles and countless exclusive forums for leading politicians and businessmen, I am not a remotely ambitious man, not a bit of it. I'm easy come, easy go. I hate that ghastly expression "control freak", and I have consequently banned it in all my offices, shops and restaurants.

Frankly, I prefer the simple pleasures of life: eating, drinking, the company of friends. But of course one does have to get them *just right*, there's no point having any-old-friends, a terrible mish-mash of different sorts of people saying different sorts of things in different sorts of ways. With friends to dinner, one desires above all else perfect *simplicity*. My perfect dinner party would consist of five close friends, three women, two men, the women between 5ft 4ins and 5ft 6ins, the men rather taller, between 5ft 10ins and 6ft 1ins, the women in black and white classic Chanel, the men in pale green hand-stitched linen suits with bold red ties, the table matt-black and chrome with petrol blue banquettes, the lighting controlled electronically from three lines of continuous roofamps, the highly-polished stainless steel ashtrays repeating a central motif of the overall design echoed also in the door-handles, the conversation a closely-monitored balance of long, short and medium-sized words. Ever since, in the early 1950s, I became the first Englishman ever to travel abroad, I have made it my business to extract the most enormous pleasure out of life. I'll be designing tomorrow's plans for pleasure extraction today — copies of instructions, layout and group targets to all relevant employees, two copies to senior executives and accountants.

SUPERMODELS



KERBER

KENNETH CLARKE
Ex canceller del Exchequer

Lu Vanguardia

Literary Review

His story is bunk

London
Edward Rutherfurd
(Century, £16.99)

TWENTY years ago, with his 15-*Minute Hamlet*, Tom Stoppard popularised Speed Lit, the compression of history or drama for comic effect.

In the 1980s, Patrick Barlow's National Theatre of Brent won acclaim by presenting the Bible or the *Ring Cycle* or the whole of human history in 90 minutes flat. Currently, at London's Criteria Theatre, Brent wannabes the Reduced Shakespeare Company are alternating "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare (all 37 plays in 97 minutes)" with "The Complete History Of America (abridged)". Ho ho.

Amid this riot of down-sizing, the thought never occurred that there would be an author who would attempt these sprints through history to serious effect. But here, now, is Edward Rutherfurd, whose first brick-sized bestseller *Sarum* loosely fictionalised the entire past of his native Salisbury. The follow-up *Russka* filleted Russian history in the same way. Now the third such work — *London* — parcels the past of the English capital into 829 pages.

It's true that James A. Michener made his millions doing this kind of thing for historically illiterate (and often actually illiterate) Americans, but old Mich had the sense to work with a relatively young country. Rutherfurd — foolishly or arrogantly — has elected to write a continuing family saga across two millennia. Sarah Bull, the yuppie archaeologist on page 829, is supposedly the squillion-great-granddaughter of Segovax and Branwen, the druids of the first few pages.

With barely 20 pages to an epoch, the effect is mind-numbing: National Theatre of Brent without the gags. We begin in 54BC with invasion by Julius Caesar expected and druids rushing around saying things like: "End your grief. The river is your father now."

Fast-forward to AD 251, courtesy of the kind of galumphing scene-setting sentence in which Rutherfurd specialises: "Londinium lay peacefully under a clear blue sky." Young Londiniumers are courting and speaking carefully-reconstructed period dialogue such as "Every girl likes to get a present". Their parents, again closer in speech to *EastEnders* than Beowulf, rule with a firm flint: "You stay away from that one. He's up to something."

But now — last one into the Christian era is a cissy — it is the year 604. Along with Christianity, the Lundeners (Londinium has become Lunden) have discovered sex: "And as for Elfgiva, it seemed to her in the depths of that long night that something had opened again within her."

With characteristic ill-judgement — has he never heard of Sellars &

Yeatman? — Rutherfurd next halts his narrative caravan in the year 1066: "Barnikel of Billingsgate was red in the face. He was glowering at his friend Leofric..."

But on and on we go — an ecclesiastical trial in 1178; the declaration in 1191 that London should be "a commune. With a mayor"; a brother in 1295... and on and on and on through the Bubonic Plague seen from the host organism's point of view ("The flea was in poor condition. For several days it had been feeding upon the blood of the black rat") and the Great Fire of London where the author attempts irony ("A woman could piss it out," the mayor grumbled").

Finally, via feminism and the Blitz ("Though a few searchlights stalked the sky, the drone of the bombers had died away"), we fetch up in 1997 with the last of Rutherfurd's ill-defined characters attending an exhibition about the history of London. (Hey, post-modernism.) He concludes: "We are, quite simply, a nation of European immigrants with new graftings being added all the time. A genetic river, if you like, fed by any number of streams."

A book which has throughout been history lesson rather than properly-imagined fiction here becomes, still more disastrously, Cultural Studies.

Rutherfurd's readers are, one presumes, those who believe that their reading should improve rather than merely entertain them and are looking for the author to fill the gaps in their historical knowledge. London, though, manages to be both skimpy history and thin fiction. Its rise to the top of the bestseller lists, however, means that bookshop browsers over the next few years will doubtless have to brace themselves for *Brum*, *Scousa*, *Mancunia* and other capital narratives.



BOOKS & BOOKMEN

"NEW" Britain deserves some nice "new" books, so what have our clever publishers come up with? A charming mix of, er, tired old

has-beens and shameless self-publicists desperate to cash in on their life-stories, of course!

Shameless Self-Publicist No 1

AT Random House there is much excitement about the deal of the year — Princess Di's autobiography — delicately negotiated by the publishing house's boss, Gail Rebuck.

Rebuck has declared that without her sensitive handling of Diana at regular tete-à-tete lunches, the temperamental princess would go elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the most interesting aspect of the book is whether it can ever have anything remotely new or interesting to say. Wasn't Diana recently bunged £19m to keep her trap shut?

Shameless Self-Publicist No 2

WRITER Penny Junor is weighing in with her own royal scoop. She is writing a book on Camilla Parker-Bowles which she promises will include plenty of juicy revelations about Prince Charles's long-term leg-over.

Hopeless Has-Been No 1

DAVID MELLOR is set to be the first of fallen John Major's fallen ministers to write his memoirs, the *Eye* can disclose. No doubt they will be far more exciting than the usual tedious political tosh given Mellor's penchants for sex, money and power. "My only sin was that I got caught," is his latest quip to chums.

However, the former minister for fun is faced with a delicate dilemma. The literary agent representing him is Sonia Land, an obsessive litigant who is hardly the publishing world's favourite go-between. Land was introduced to Mellor by the partner at Ernst & Young who pays the former MP's consultancy to the firm of accountants. He just happens to be married to... Sonia Land.

Hopeless Has-Been No 2

MELLOR's angst is aggravated by news that former flame Antonia de Sancha is also writing her "memoirs". A ghost writer has been hard at work and the Spanish temptress promises to reveal all. Surprisingly, a publishing deal has yet to be negotiated for this very important work.

Hopeless Has-Been No 3

THE disgraced former MP for Tatton, Neil Hamilton, is eager to flog his story to the highest bidder. With his media career already flagging, Hamilton turned to former Federation of Young Conservatives founder Harry Phibbs with his plan to write an autobiography. Phibbs joyfully offered to be his literary agent — despite the fact he has no



WILL SELF ASSESSMENT

experience whatsoever.

Since then Phibbs has been proving his worth by enthusiastically phoning publishers by the dozen — with only negative responses so far. Hamilton is apparently shocked that no one is interested in his sorry tale.

And, er, The Shopping Trolley

WHEN literary agent Jane Bradish-Ellames banded about a book by new writer Bo Fowler called *The Shopping Trolley* she couldn't interest a single publisher. The story is a satire on organised religion set in the future, narrated entirely by a supermarket shopping trolley. Its hero, a sort of metaphysical bookie, gets punters to bet on questions like "Is God Love?" Next Gill Coleridge took up the tricky task of trying to sell the book, who got Transworld to bid a generous £10,000 for it. Then, proving that publishers are completely off their trolleys, Dan Franklin stepped in for Cape and bid an astonishing £140,000 for the sci-fi tale.

'Bookworm'

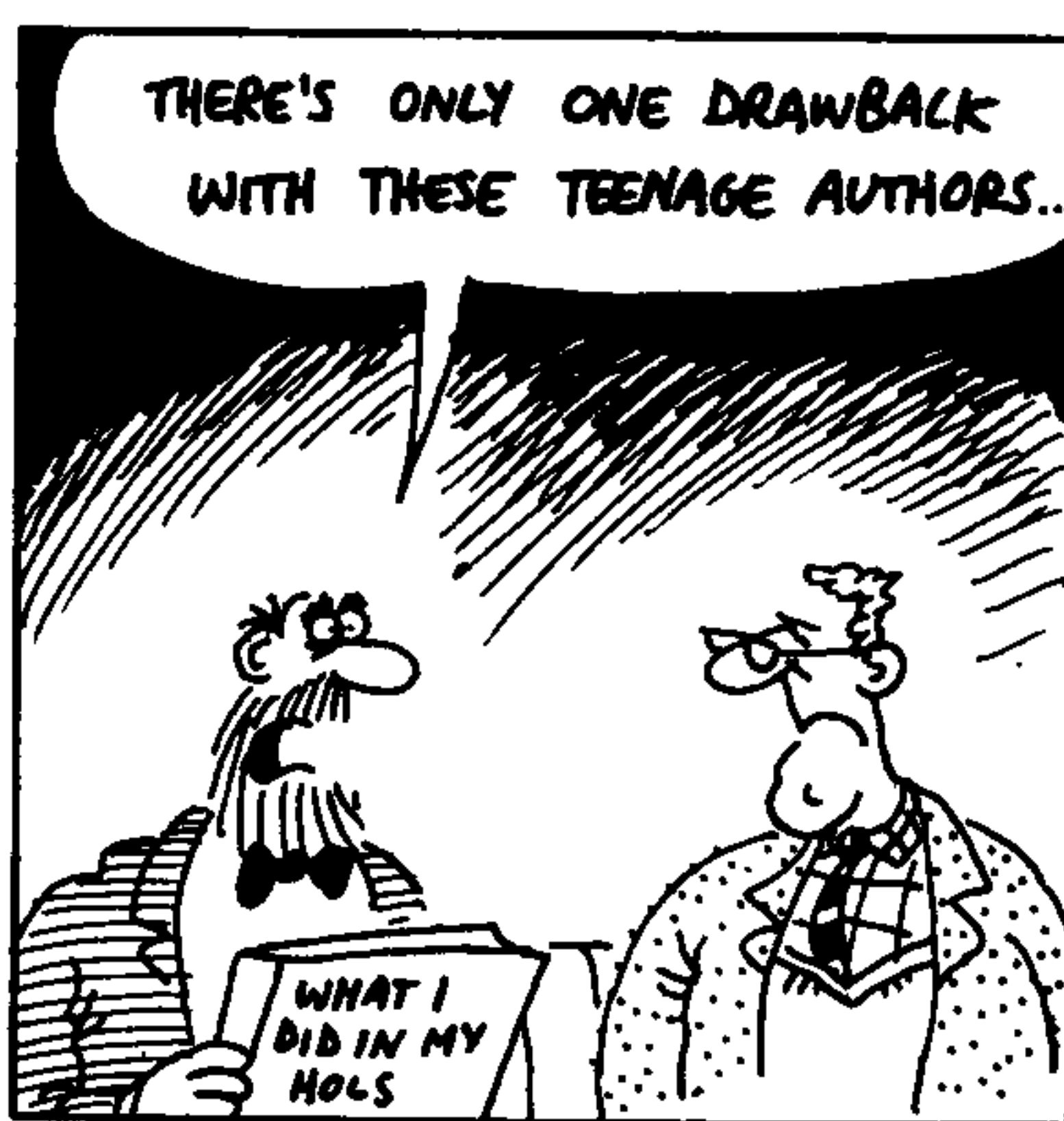


Princess Diana is auctioning many of her glamorous ensembles in aid of charity. I hope she continues to enchant the world in more glorious clothes. Because her stunning appearance is as uplifting as her compassion.

LYNDA LEE-POTTER
Daily Mail

CONTRIBUTOR: Douglas Porter.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.



footnotes

The Regeneration Game

A useful qualification for membership of the lottery quangos which decide who is to benefit from lottery money is two good hands: one to give the money away and the other to take it.

Nowhere has this qualification been more handsomely fulfilled than in the arrangements for lottery grants for Scottish films.

For several years the Scottish film industry has been dominated by a charming if eccentric whisky millionaire called Allan Shiach. At the beginning of last year Shiach held three influential posts: chairman of the Scottish Film Council; chairman of the Scottish Film Production Fund, which recommended the distribution of lottery money from the Scottish Arts Council; and chairman of the fund's panel which discussed and decided on these recommendations.

On 22 April last year, while still chairman of the SFPF, Mr Shiach signed an application form for his film company, Rafford Films, to get the maximum possible grant of lottery money — £1m. The money, he urged, was to help make the film *Regeneration*, based on the novel by Pat Barker about two shell-shocked first world war poets in Edinburgh.

The following month, Mr Shiach resigned from the chairmanship of the fund, though not from the board. He did not sit on the panel which met on 4 June and considered its former boss's application. The proposal for the film was very detailed, and included a provision for a writer's fee for Mr Shiach of £75,000. After the most eloquent expressions of wonder and delight at Mr Shiach's script, the £1m grant went through by acclamation. The same meeting turned down a similar application for a new film from film-maker Bill Forsyth, a man whose success record in

Scottish films is rather more outstanding than that of Allan Shiach.

The Scottish Arts Council at once approved the £1m grant, which it regards as an investment in the film. After the approval, Mr Shiach's company went to the Scottish Film Production Fund with new costings for *Regeneration*. The new figures, which were agreed by the production fund's director Eddie Dick, made the film rather more expensive.

Half the increase in the budget was a

£125,000 hike in the writer's fee — payment to be "deferred". These new figures had the effect of reducing the percentage of the Scottish Arts Council's investment in the film — from 38 percent to 30 percent. But the SAC was not consulted about the new figures. Indeed, even today, it will not answer questions on the matter. Asked about the further deferred payment of £125,000, an SAC spokeswoman told the Eye: "The Scottish Arts Council's code of conduct does not allow for the disclosure of personal information which could be seen as an invasion of privacy." Asked by *Scotland on Sunday* about the deferred payment, Mr Shiach told journalist Terry Houston to mind his own business.

With the £1m of public money under their belt, the film-makers started work on *Regeneration*. One awkward weekend last October, they ran out of money. Mr Shiach



GIVING AND TAKING: Allan Shiach (left), i/c Scottish films with David Bruce, i/c films lottery money on the Scottish Arts Council.

telephoned his colleague and friend Eddie Dick who is also an adviser to the Glasgow Film Fund, financed by Glasgow city council. A single phone call clinched another £60,000 public money for the film.

Mr Shiach's absence from the higher echelons of the Scottish film industry was brief. Within weeks of his resignation from the Scottish Film Production Fund he was named as interim chairman of a new organisation called Scottish Screen, which now coordinates all the financing of the Scottish film industry, including the lottery recommendations.

Despite the resignation from the lottery panel of Bill Forsyth and his outraged complaints about Shiach's handling of the *Regeneration* money, Shiach was appointed full-time chairman of Scottish Screen, a post he will hold for at least four years. His appointment was announced in the first week of the general election campaign.

Mr Shiach has always had strong support in the Scottish office. Jamie, the sixteenth earl of Lindsay, the former Tory government's Scottish minister of the arts, is a close friend. His admirers also include James Lonie, head of the Scottish office arts and cultural heritage division.

On the day before the election, the retiring director of the Scottish Film Council, Maxine Baker, wrote a long letter to Lonie complaining about Shiach's handling of the *Regeneration* money and other matters which worried her about accountability of public money in the Scottish film business. She asked Lonie to pass her letter to the new secretary of state after the election. Some weeks later she discovered that Lonie had not sent her letter on. In a recent letter to her Lonie expressed the view that everyone in the Scottish Arts Council and the SFPF had behaved impeccably. Maxine Baker has ensured that her letter got to the new secretary of state, Donald Dewar, whose attitude to lottery quangos is believed to be rather less permissive than that of his predecessors.



EDDIE DICK (sic)

STICK IT UP YOUR JERSEY!

■ **DESPERATE to protect its image as a clean place to do business offshore, the Channel island of Jersey (known to Slicker readers as "the septic isle") has hired Shandwick, the leading British public relations company, to anticipate embarrassing financial cases and forestall nasty publicity about them.**

When BBC's *Newsnight* exposed some of island's sleazier side last October, Roya Nasser, of Shandwick, wrote a memo to her client, the state of Jersey, outlining her efforts to get the list of questions *Newsnight* reporters were intending to ask. Her memo also revealed that she had "arranged" for John Stoneborough "who specialises

in investigative programmes" to train a Jersey senator and two island officials in how best to answer *Newsnight*'s questions.

Stoneborough is well known for providing rich clients with "intelligence" about media interviewers. He is specially adept at revealing interviewers' political views. His fee for "media training" the three Jersey VIPs, the Shandwick memo reveals, was £2,000.

The extent of the problem for Shandwick became clear a few weeks later when a long list was leaked of "investigations, complaints, and other factors which could result in publicity" in Jersey. The list included 14 cases of fraud, money-laundering and other jiggery-pokery by serious Jersey companies and entrepre-

neurs. So widespread is this sort of thing in Jersey that the state has doubled its fee to Shandwick.

Another Shandwick memo on 20 May, written by "senior consultant" Anafria Francis and addressed to Colin Powell, chief adviser to the state of Jersey, welcomes the new fees agreed by Powell and Senator Walker — £4,000 a month. The fees would be broken down, she explained, into £2,500 a month for "monitoring and intelligence gathering" and £1,500 for a database of important people in and around the Jersey parliament.

The Jersey authorities are confident that for that kind of money any whisper of unfavourable publicity will be detected in advance and effectively countered.

WHEELER ON THE BUS GOES ROUND AND ROUND

THE new ministers at the department of transport are just as keen as their predecessors to hang on to the £200m busworkers' pension money the Tory government swiped in 1986.

In a press release on 29 May, Taylor Joynson Garrett, the City firm representing the old National Bus Company pension fund trustees, says: "The change of government has apparently made no difference to the DoT's attitude in this matter."

This will not go down well at the headquarters of the Transport and General Workers' Union, which campaigned throughout the election for the return of the surplus in the pension fund to the pensioners. Fact to remember: Gavin Strang, secretary of state for transport, has his constituency expenses paid by the T&G.

As the Eye reported on 14 May, the legal case for returning the stolen pension money has been handed to two men in the official solicitors' department. This annoys Francis Wheeler, the retired bus driver who fought against the government on this issue for 11 years and who successfully raised the case with the pensions ombudsman. He complained to the Eye that he was not being allowed to see or comment on the evidence being prepared by the official solicitor. When he suggested



Francis Wheeler (left), getting a freedom of information award for his fight to recover his pension money swiped by former Transport Ministers like Steve Norris (right)

that he or another former trade unionist might be appointed a director of the trustee company, he was told this was impossible because it would involve a ballot of 40,000 pensioners.

On 4 June, the Eye pointed out to the lord chancellor's department, which answers questions on behalf of the official solicitor, that not one of the 40,000 pensioners was balloted when the two directors of the

trustee company were arbitrarily appointed by the former Tory minister of transport. The Eye asked: "Is this not the clearest proof that different rules apply when the government shifts responsibility for this matter from one office to the next and when a trade unionist and beneficiary seeks some representation in a legal action in which he and his former fellow workers have a profound interest?"

On 5 June, the next day, the official solicitor's office wrote a conciliatory letter to Mr Wheeler suggesting he travel to London and discuss the case, with all expenses paid. Bill McBryde, one of the directors of the trustee company at the official solicitor's office, told the Eye he could see "no objection" to Mr Wheeler acting as an adviser in the action. Mr Wheeler is delighted. Ahhh - the power of the press!

OTHER GOOD NEWS FLASHES

1 The entire 11-strong ethics committee of the North and Mid-Hants health authority, slammed in the Eye on 2 May for patient-dumping, resigned on 30 May protesting against "an authority which will not listen".

2 Glenn Sutherland, whose sacking from the National Association of Citizens Advice Bureaux for £20 worth of photocopying was exposed in the last Eye, was reinstated three days later by a special meeting of NACAB's management committee.

CHARITY ENDS AT HOME

CHARITIES like War on Want are always having to counter the argument that world poverty is the inevitable result of the free market. And the tiresome free market now seems to be troubling War on Want itself.

In February the charity suddenly announced a 30 percent rent rise for the 14 tenants of its spacious south London offices -- most of them tiny impoverished charities such as Victim Support and the Peru Support Group.

The reason, War on Want executives explained, was "to bring the rents on to a commercial basis". Most of the tenants can't pay, and Margaret Lynch, War on Want's executive director, has helpfully told them: "The options facing you are a) to pay the rent at the new rates; or b) to serve us with appropriate notice to quit."

A War on Want spokeswoman told the Eye: "We suddenly realised our rents had not kept up with the times, and we are bound to safeguard our funds."

Lib Dems play silly burghers

MORE ABOUT building giant Wimpey and its tactics to secure planning permission for fruity developments in the countryside (see Wimpey Burghers in last Eye).

At a public inquiry in February Wimpey Homes (Southern) objected to the Reading borough local plan which stops them building 450 homes on a popular open space, Kennet Meadows. Wimpey's case was powerfully presented to the inquiry by a planning consultant from Hook, in Hampshire, John Cornwell.

Whoops! Mr Cornwell is a Liberal Democrat councillor for Newbury, and Newbury district council, controlled by the Liberal Democrats, is an enthusiastic supporter of the Cleaner Kennet Campaign, which strongly opposes the Kennet Meadows development.

Another obstacle to the development is the Berk-

shire structure plan, which is strictly supervised by Berkshire county council environment committee, chaired by another Lib Dem councillor, John Albinson. Albinson's views on Kennet Meadows are fiercely opposed not just by Coun Cornwell but by Berks county councillor Royce Longton, Lib Dem candidate for Wokingham at the general election. Inside the Wokingham Liberal Democrat party, Longton and Cornwell are at loggerheads with Albinson, who feels he may be driven out of the party altogether. If he is, the road to housing development at Kennet Meadow may prove easier.

FACT TO REMEMBER:

The land where Wimpeys want to build is owned by Bucknell Brothers, family firm of Tom Bucknell, a Tory member of Newbury District Council.

NOMURA INSECURITIES

MORE trouble at Nomura Securities, the Japanese bank which controls the consortium to which the government flogged off the married quarters of Britain's armed forces.

The final payment of £700m was made on 1 April. Early in May, three former Nomura executives in Japan, including the former general manager, were arrested and charged with paying millions of yen to racketeering corporate blackmailers connected with the Mafia.

Nomura lost its licence as an underwriter and was chucked out of the Tokyo bond market. On 30 May,

Nomura's former president Hideo Sakamaki, aged 61, was arrested in connection with a payment of a quarter of a million pounds to the racketeers. The stream of clients and money out of the company grew to a flood.

In Britain, the ministry of defence is not worried. A spokesman told the Eye that the company which now owns the married quarters -- Annington Homes -- is "ring-fenced". Public relations for Annington Homes are handled by Lowe Bell Consultants, whose most famous practitioner is Sir Tim Bell, Lady Thatcher's favourite PR man. A spokesman assured the Eye: "Although I work

for Lowe Bell, I am not a Tory." He explained: "Nomura International plc has its own balance sheet and has autonomy in its business decision making. The company is registered in England and has a separate board based in London. Nomura International plc is independently capitalised and, indeed, is better capitalised than any independent UK merchant bank."

There were therefore "no concerns" regarding the future of Annington Homes. The fact remains, however, that if a parent company goes down the drain, a wholly-owned subsidiary is likely to follow at high speed.

footnotes

**NOMURA
MR NICE GUY?**





In the City

THE CITY in general, and the Stock Exchange in particular, are very forgiving places. Little of past activities — short of prison — is held against those who made money for others and may do so again.

So it is depressing, but not surprising, that Christopher Moran has once again been allowed back into the Temple of Mammon, where he has resurfaced as the major shareholder and deputy chairman of Galaxy Media Corporation alongside producer Robert Stigwood. Galaxy is clearly aimed to be a vehicle for Stigwood/Moran deals in the entertainment field.

What makes Moran's return unusual is that his qualifications for being the director of a public company include being sued by American regulators for insider trading; featuring in investigations by the Department of Timidity & Inaction, Stock Exchange and the Inland Revenue; being charged with fraud; and being expelled from Lloyd's when that was an achievement.

Moran would respond that he denied all the allegations, was acquitted of the only criminal charge he ever faced and was the victim of a vendetta by those at Lloyd's who were later exposed as crooks. He can also point to his success in cosying up to the Conservatives with his cheque book, and to his reputation as the host with the most at parties in his London and Scottish homes.

But the Moran track record is one to which Galaxy Media investors would do well to pay attention.

The Securities & Exchange Commission (SEC) got on Moran's case as a result of his failed 1986 bid to takeover Bible publishers Zondervan. The SEC accused Moran of "fraud and deceit" by selling 100,000 Zondervan shares worth \$2.6m on inside information that efforts to find a buyer for the company had failed. The SEC brought the suit in New York in 1991 saying Moran had made illicit profits of \$462,000. But it found him a hard man to get into court. Eventually the Washington watchdog obtained a default judgment against Moran in August 1992 when he failed to respond to the civil action. Moran finally settled the action last year by paying \$457,500 in disgorged profits.

Moran's name has also surfaced on this side of the Atlantic during investigations into insider dealing, although he has never been accused of any illegal activity. Moran was among the fans of David Abell who profitably bought into companies which were the target of share buying by Abell's engineering group Suter. Moran, along with his old friend Ronnie Reeves (a director of Moran's insurance broking group in his pre-Monaco days) and Reeves' broking buddy Michael Somerset-Leeke, were quizzed by DTI inspectors looking into the Abell fan club. No action was taken against Abell or his fans.

Moran also featured in the DTI-Stock Exchange probe of the circumstances in which City PR Maureen Smith sold her shares in Good Relations to Moran, who then sold on the shares in 1985. Moran was merely censured in 1987 by the Stock Exchange for not disclosing that Smith (a director) was the initial seller.

Moran's role as a major stock market player

brought him to the attention of the Inland Revenue's special office team probing the activities of Somerset-Leeke and other brokers on the usual suspects list. It is unclear how that matter was resolved as far as Moran is concerned. No doubt he has paid all and any tax liabilities from his share dealing.

Moran took brokers Christopher Moran Group private in 1982 after Lloyd's began the disciplinary proceedings that gave him the dubious honour of being the first member to be expelled from the Lime Street cesspit. By then shareholders had been locked in for almost two years.

Moran made the buy-out soon after the fraud charge against him was dismissed in December 1981. Moran and underwriter Derek Walker — later to go on to wipe out the Gooda Walker syndicates and join Moran on the Lloyd's hit list — were charged in 1980 with conspiring to defraud members of two Lloyd's syndicates. The charge concerned reinsurance business written by Walker with offshore companies it was alleged were controlled by Moran. Walker was also later acquitted.

But Lloyd's was determined to kick out Moran. In September 1982 he was held to have been guilty of "discreditable conduct" and expelled. Lloyd's found that Moran had arranged for his broking firm to obtain profit commissions not allowed on reinsurance bought for an underwriting syndicate. The commissions had been concealed from the syndicate auditors. The reinsurance was also

CORRECTION

Page 1, paragraph 3(c), line 2, quotation-marks:

for " " "

substitute " " " "

*Statutory Instruments, 1997 No 1157
The Insurance Premium Tax (Amendment)
Regulations 1997*

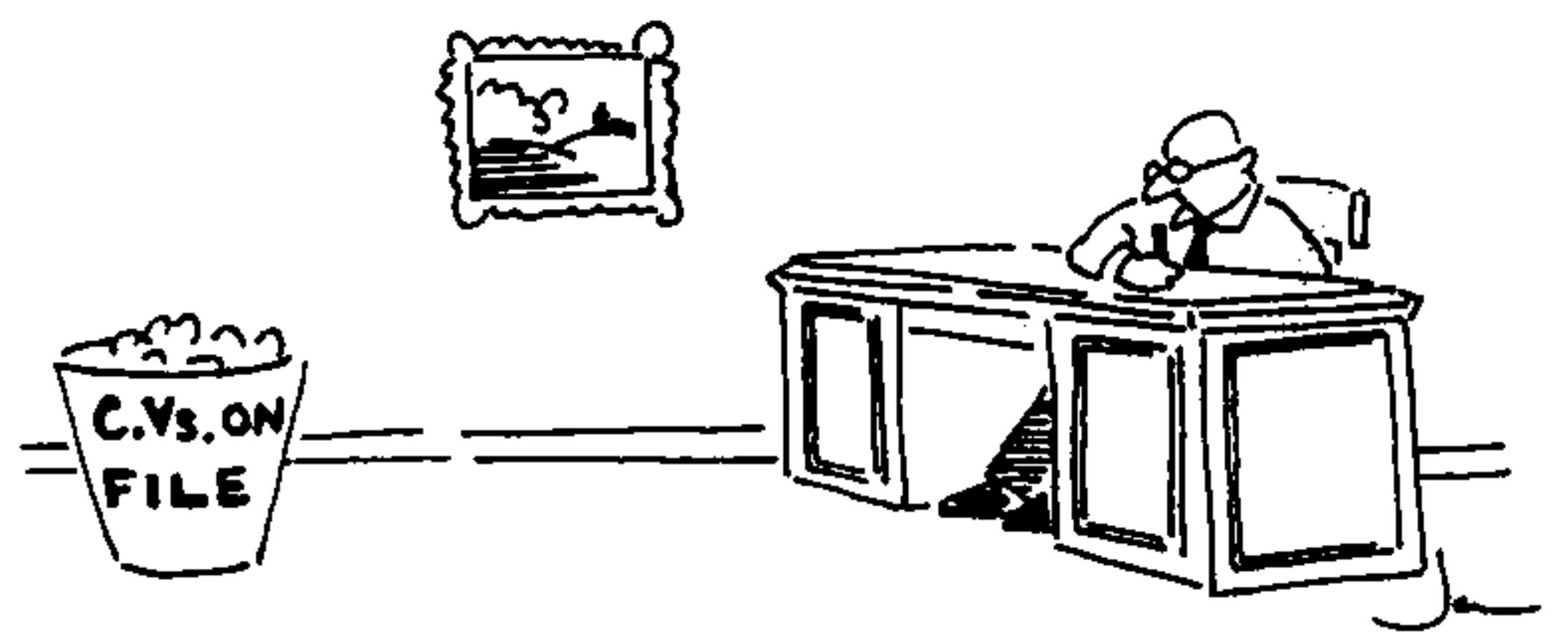
excessive. Moran fought to overturn the verdict but finally lost in the court of appeal in 1985.

Moran waves aside his problems with regulatory authorities by explaining: "I am a hard businessman who takes hard business decisions. Never in my life have I been dishonest." A number of regulators have a different opinion.

IS GERMAN wheeler-dealer Dieter Bock about to pull off a hat-trick? After outsmarting "Tiny" Rowland and Harry Oppenheimer, the easy to underestimate former tax lawyer has turned his money-making attentions to another aging tycoon — Canadian Peter Munk.

The previously unknown Bock arrived at Lonrho in December 1992 carrying his files in a plastic bag but bearing a £135m cheque (two thirds borrowed money) with which to buy 18 percent of the group's shares. Of that, £50m went to Rowland, who welcomed Bock as his "indivisible" ally in reviving Lonrho's fortunes. Within three years Bock had ousted Rowland, first as chief executive and then from the board of the company he created.

Once in control Bock talked much of demerging the multi-assorted parts (mining, trading, hotels, agriculture) of Lonrho to enhance shareholder value.



But before any such deal could be done Bock had greatly enhanced his own shareholding's value by selling out to Rowland's old rival Harry Oppenheimer's Anglo American combine in South Africa at 180p — way above the market price. Bock pocketed £257m which made him a very rich man indeed, even after repaying the banks. It did less for Lonrho shareholders, however, as Anglo increased its stake to just below the bid trigger level and then said it had no intention of buying more. The Lonrho price dived. It is now 138p.

But then it was Oppenheimer's turn to get burned. Anglo particularly had eyes on Lonrho's stake in the Ashanti gold mine in Ghana and its South African platinum interests. But in April the European commission decided the Anglo stake in Lonrho represented an excessive concentration of power in the platinum market. It ordered Anglo to divest itself of all but 10 percent of Lonrho — something that could only be done at a big loss on the price paid to Bock. Anglo is now trying to extricate itself and gain control of Ashanti via a proposed merger between JCI, its South African mining associate, and Lonrho.

But by the time Anglo learned it was in a hole Bock was on to a new game. In March he quit Lonrho and joined forces with Munk, selling the British and German property interests of his Advanta group to TrizecHahn for £90m. Bock is taking a 4 percent stake and becoming vice chairman of the Munk-led property group.

Already questions are being asked about how the deal has gone down with Bock's partner Lord Palumbo. They are equal partners in the major City development on the old Mappin & Webb site which was the cause of much planning dispute. Why Bock was so keen to sell out of the Poultry goldmine is also unclear.

Meanwhile Bock's business affairs — which rely heavily on offshore companies for tax reasons — are attracting close attention from two firms of private detectives. They are acting on behalf of the Kempinski hotel group in Germany. Its Thai owners are suing Bock, from whom they bought control of the company, for £70m over the sale and lease back of the Kempinski hotel in Berlin done by Bock claiming this benefited landlord Advanta over tenant Kempinski.

Just what Peter Munk, who built Barrick Gold into the world's biggest gold miner outside South Africa, makes of all this remains to be seen. Munk is no slouch at the game of business and succeeded after a few setbacks and slips. But as the man who almost ended up buying the Bre-X gold mine that never was in Indonesia, he would do well not to make the same mistakes that Rowland and Oppenheimer made in underestimating Bock.

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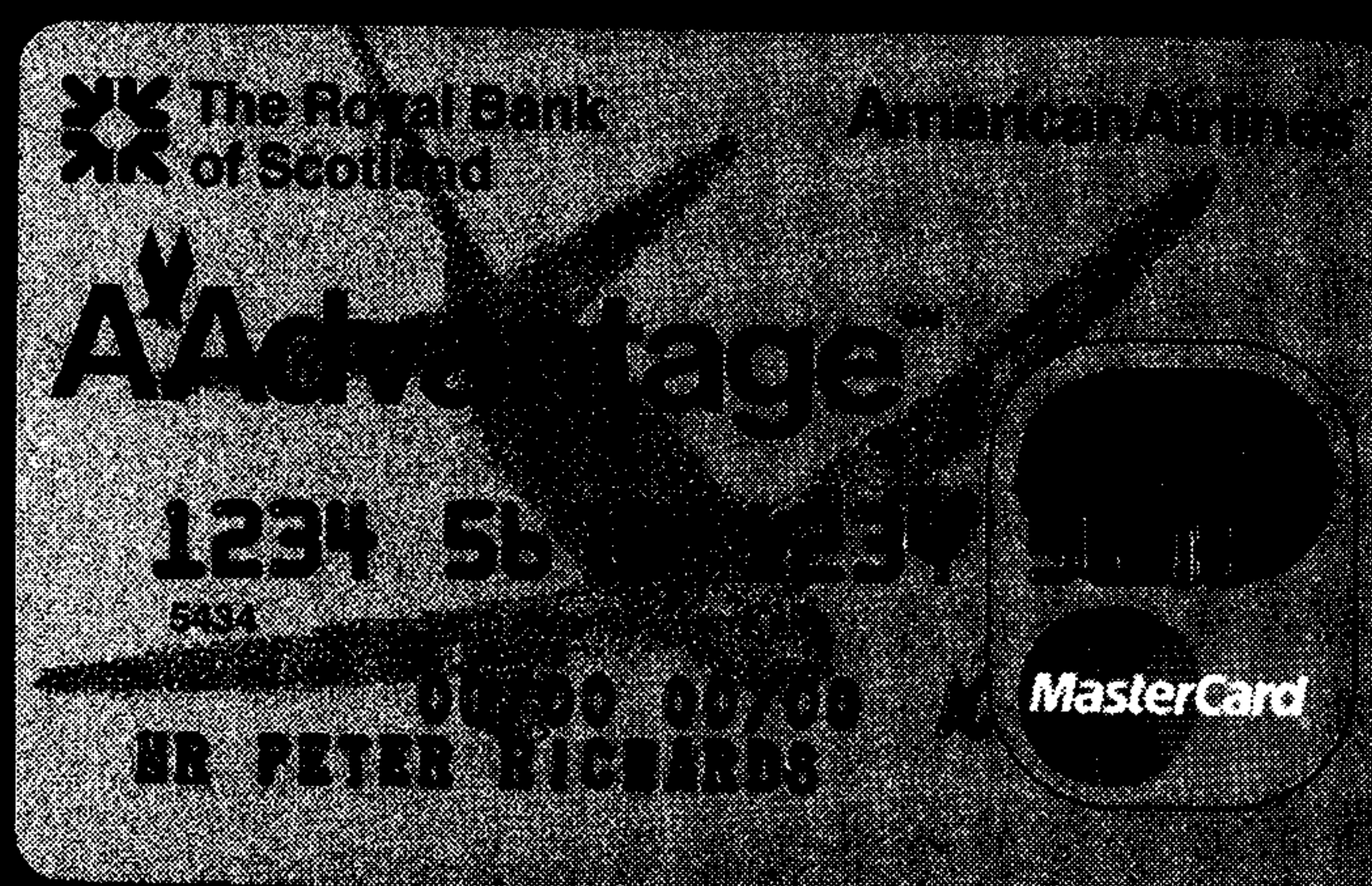
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EYE LOVE

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, witty, sometimes wise adventurer seeks adventuress for fun relationship and occasional walk on the wild side. Box 0926.

SOMERSET LASS, 31, has kicked out loutish boyfriend, now seeking single man for friendship/possibly love. Box 1026.

MALE, 28, looking for old-fashioned, country loving Emma Thompson lookalike. Somerset. Box 1126.

RICH MAN SEEKS plaything — must be over 45 with gsOH. Box 1226.

BLOKE SEEKS BIRD to spend wonga on. Box 1326.

OXONIAN MAN, 40s, blue eyes, tactile, seeks lady any status for deep discreet daytime liaisons. Box 1726.

SINGLE BUSINESSMAN, 37, non-smoker with no ties, various interests from opera to keeping-fit, seeks open-minded similar lady (30-48) for simply just friendship, nights out etc. Sth Manchester. Box 1626.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, blond male, 29, athletic, educated and solvent, but attached, seeks similar lady (25-50) with open mind for discreet liaisons with smiles, laughter and warmth to put that fun teenage sparkle back into our eyes?! Letter and photo appreciated. Central London. Box 1426.

DOMINANT, TRULY gentle man seeks fundamentally unsubmitive superconfident successful woman with that occasional need to enjoy a very different, restrained lifestyle. Sonnet 587 Box 1826.

PICKY TALENT AGENT, 35, chainsmoker, seeks prepossessing and extraordinary woman with subtly striking looks and largish brain (not too sporty) for whatever comes next in London and elsewhere. Box 1926.

DECADENT AND DEVILISH director (28), seeking sensual and sexy seductress to share wicked weekends. Passport essential! Box 2226.

LIVELY, TALL, dark gentleman, 40ish, semi-detached and sensuous, wltm beautiful lady for passionate affair and joyful relationship. Letters with photo answered. Sussex/Surrey/London. Discretion assured. Box 2526.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, fifty, seeks stockinged lady for daytime/evening fun. W. Mids. Box 2626.

FOOT LOVING professional male, thirties, easy going, likes meals, conversation etc, loves kissing/pampering young women's feet. Nothing more expected! Curious welcome. Midlands/Anywhere. Box 1526.

ATTRACTIVE, CARING professional male seeks funny, attractive female 20-31 for laughs and love. Photo appreciated. Box 2126.

MARRIED WOMEN ONLY (or attached) need respond to this advertisement. Cultured professional, 40, gsOH, seeks soulmate, 30-45, trapped, like him, in platonic marriage, wanting physical passion. Love in the afternoon? Discretion and desire required and guaranteed. All physiques welcome. Box 2726.

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESSMAN — London-based, attractive, kind and considerate, would like to meet beautiful Japanese lady to share life. Box 2826.

BRUNETTE, 25, drinker, smoker, gsOH, seeks older man for long walks and cosy evenings in. Photo guarantees reply. Box 2926.

YOU TOO HAVE thought about it. You're curious and looking for a little something extra. I'm male, 43, tall, professional, married, discreet, and can meet in Beds, Bucks and Herts. Talk to me. Box 3026.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, hunky, successful, confident, unattached male, 40, seeks attractive, sexy, feminine lady with class, curves, seams, stilettos for laughter, champagne, romance. London/Surrounds. Photo appreciated. Box 3126.

EROTIC ADVENTURER (slim, good-looking 40s, gentle, artistic, educated) seeks adventuress. Box 2026.

HANDSOME, SINGLE mediterranean educated male, 35, seeks attractive mature lady, 40-52, for intimate discreet relationship. All letters with photo answered. London area. Box 1225.

SEPARATED CITY MAN, 42, brains, wits, humour intact. Seeks warm, attractive, intelligent 30-something lady to share his days and nights. Photo please. (I'm not a frog, so you needn't be a princess.) Box 1525.

CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE, mid 20s, seeks nice female for trips to cinema, pubs, theatre etc in London. Box 2125.

POET, PHILOSOPHER, musician (Barrister), age 41, seeks hedonistic female. London. Box 0524.

WANTED — well built attractive woman for no strings relationship. I'm divorced, mid-forties, no ties. You 25-55, enjoy old movies, good food and affectionate. No hang ups. Box 3226.

GRADUATE, MALE, 54, affluent, needs confidant soulmate, best friend, lover. Manchester, Cheshire. Box 3326.

CULTURED, CARING professional man, 50. Uninterestingly married, seeks a special and secret lady for mutual self indulgences and pampering. Totally discreet. Box 3426.

RUGGERED RASCAL, 45, tall, broad shouldered, needs tackling by bright, sexy, attracting lady, 25-40, for rucking and romance in the Cotswolds. Photo appreciated. Box 3526.

BABY-FACED, MUSCULAR, young 40, professional, and in search of true lust. Safely married man wants to hear from a gorgeous, pouting kindred spirit to continue the search with. Box 3626.

DOMINANT MALE requires polite correspondence from obedient submissive female. Box 3726.

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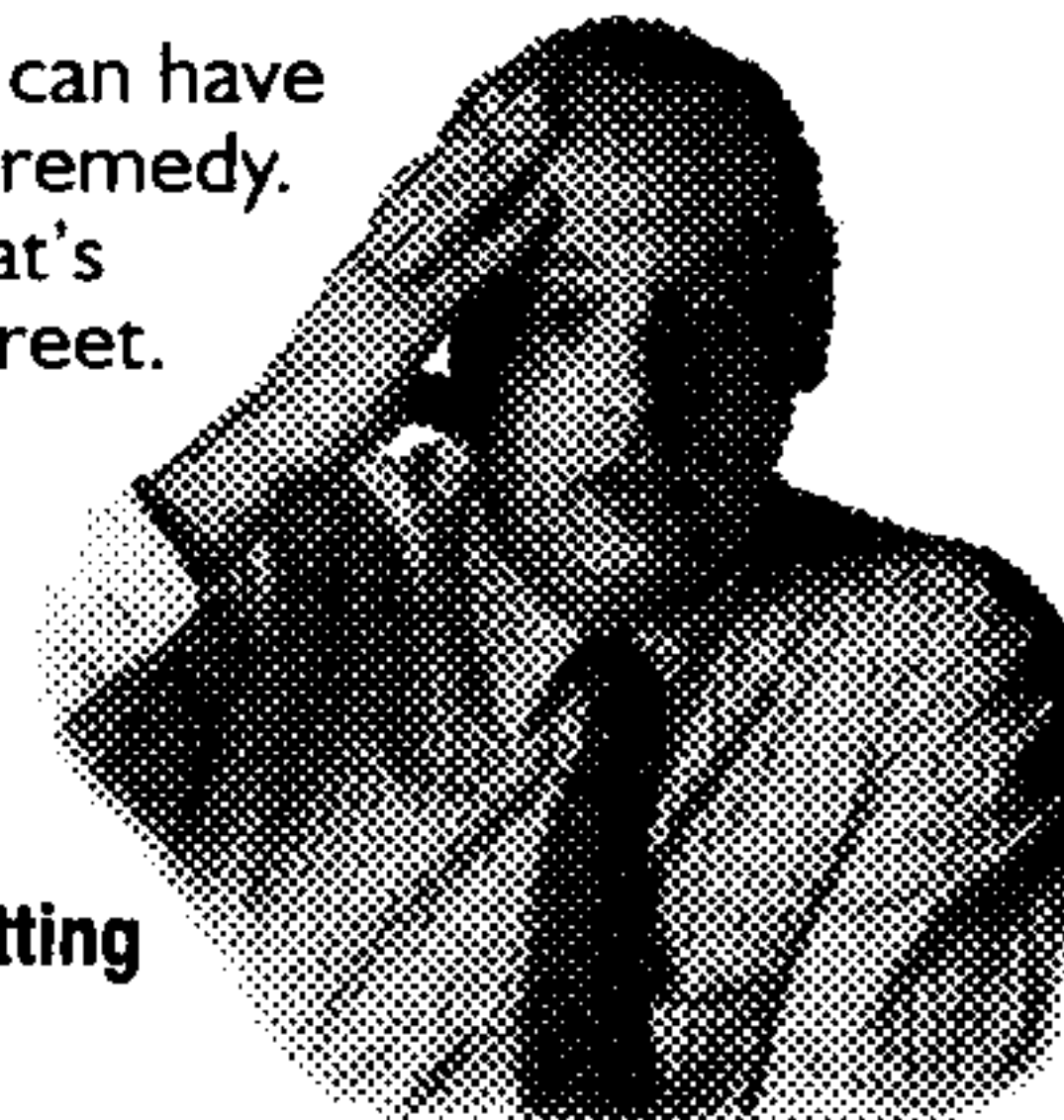
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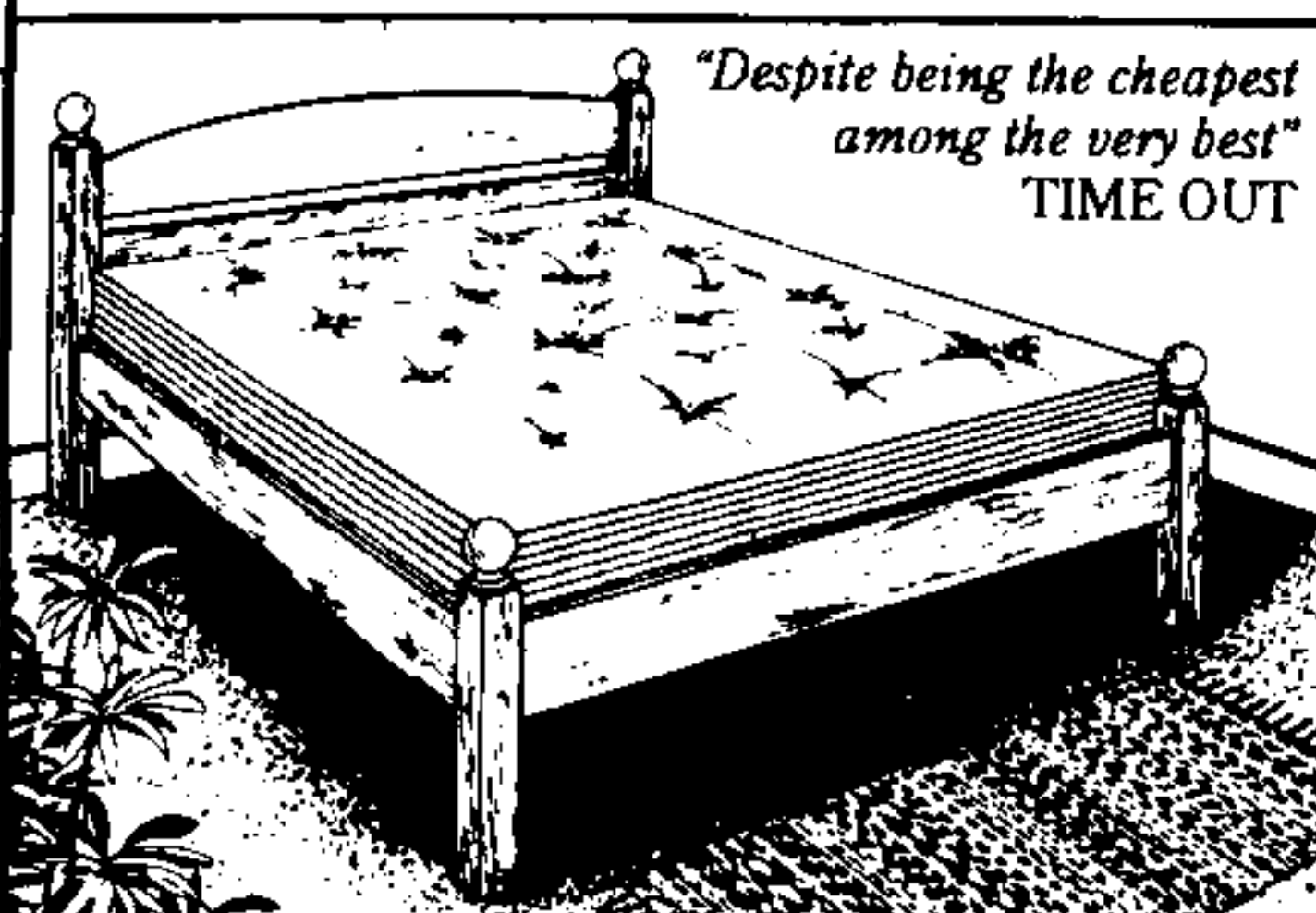
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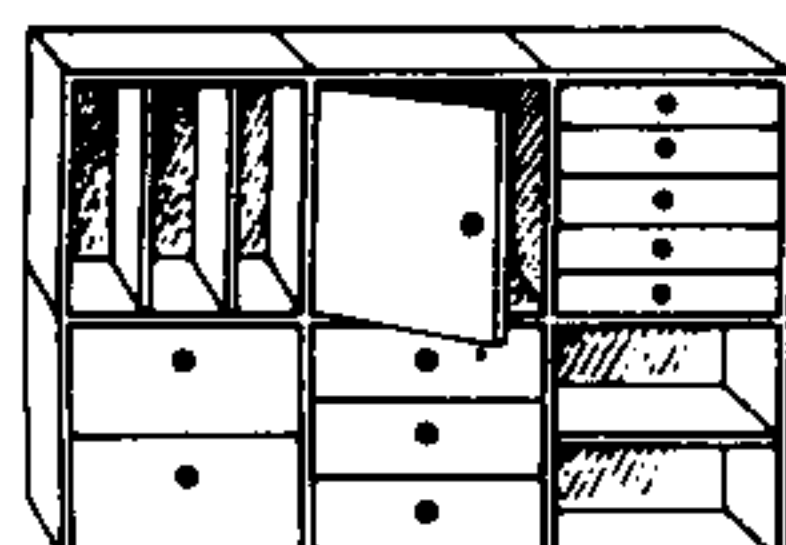
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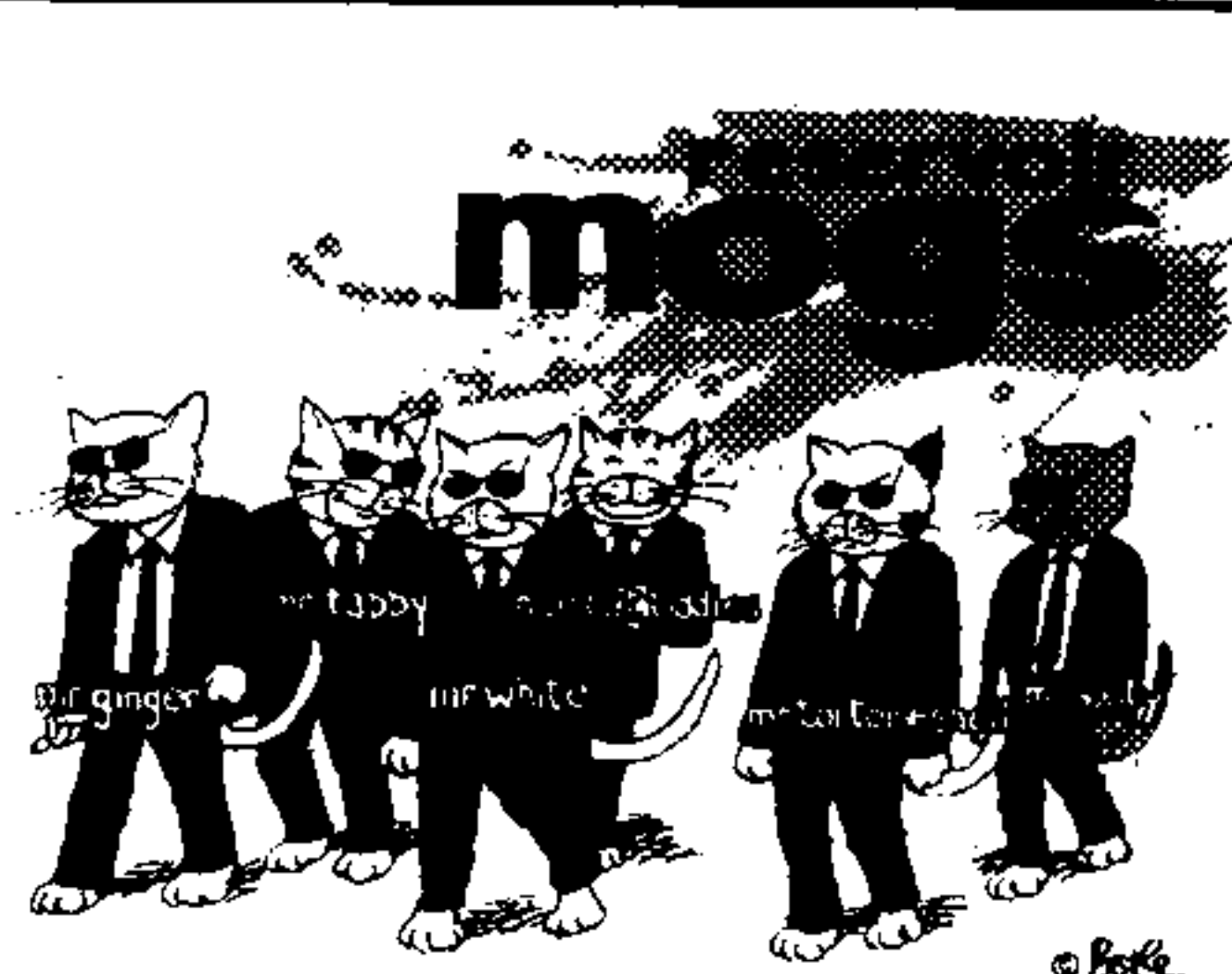
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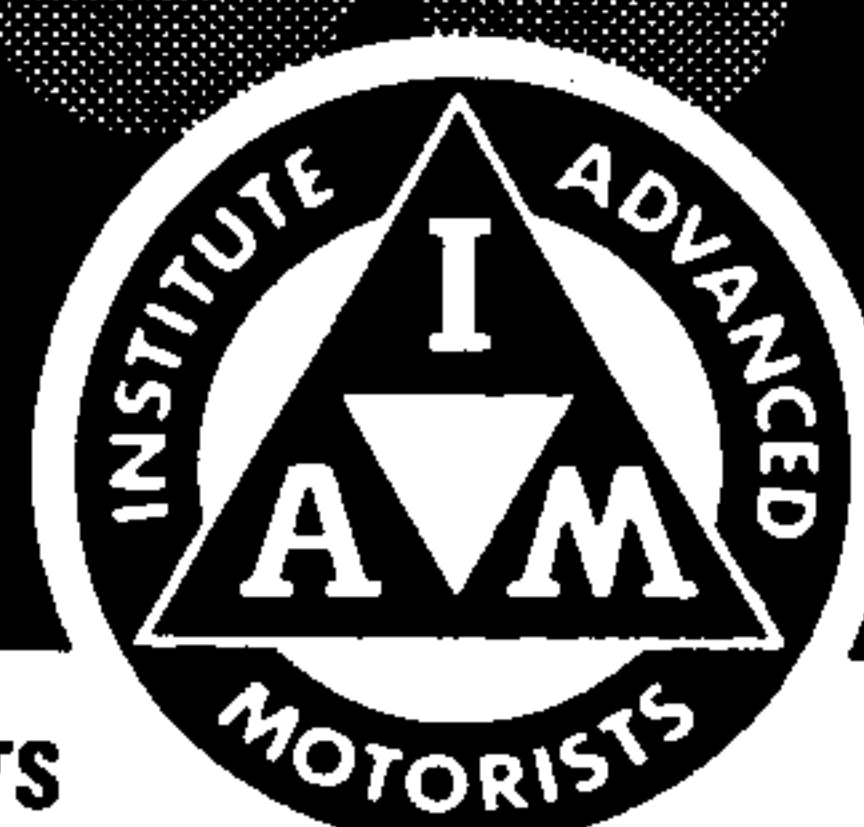
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1. Personal Information

Mr ☐ Mrs ☐ Miss ☐ Ms ☐

Surname: _____

First Name: _____

Address: _____

Post Code _____

*I am seriously interested in meeting someone
through Dateline.*

Marital Status: Single ☐ Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐

Separated ☐

Age: _____ Height: _____

Occupation: _____

Religion: _____

Build: _____ Slight ☐

Medium ☐

Large ☐

Attractiveness: _____ Very attractive ☐

Attractive ☐

Average ☐

2. Education

Private / Public ☐ Grammar ☐

Comprehensive ☐ Sec. Modern ☐

O Levels / GCSE's ☐ A levels ☐

Further Education ☐

University / Professional Equivalent ☐

Technical Qualification ☐

3. Your Personality

(tick which traits closely describe you)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ☐ Affectionate | ☐ Fashionable |
| ☐ Serious | ☐ Practical |
| ☐ Considerate | ☐ Conventional |
| ☐ Shy | ☐ Reliable |
| ☐ Romantic | ☐ Adventurous |

4. Your Attitudes

(tick for yes, cross for no or leave blank)

- ☐ Do you involve yourself with community activities?
- ☐ Are you looking for one special relationship?
- ☐ Does your work make it difficult to meet new people?
- ☐ Do you want to extend your social life as well as finding a special relationship?
- ☐ Do you devote a lot of time to your social life?

5. Your interests

(sections 5. and 6. Please tick for a like, cross for dislike or leave blank for no preference.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ Wining/Dining | ☐ Jazz/Folk music |
| ☐ Pubs | ☐ Classical music |
| ☐ Sports/Keep fit | ☐ Theatre/Arts |
| ☐ Politics/History | ☐ Watching TV |
| ☐ Reading | ☐ Smoking |
| ☐ Travelling | ☐ Astrology |
| ☐ Science/Tech | ☐ Children |
| ☐ Cinema | ☐ Homemaking |
| ☐ Pets/Animals | ☐ Gardening |
| ☐ Pop music | ☐ Countryside |

6. Details of your ideal partner

Minimum age: _____ Maximum age: _____

Height: min. _____ max. _____ Don't mind ☐

Marital status: _____

Single ☐ Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐ Separated ☐

Don't mind ☐

Build: _____ Slight ☐

Medium ☐

Large ☐

Attractiveness: _____ Very attractive ☐

Attractive ☐

Average ☐



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